PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

JUN 12 1940

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIX. No. 483 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1940 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	657
LEGEND AND REALITY	659
THE INVASION. By Alexander Werth	660
THE REFUGEES AND THE WAR. By Frederick Hertz	661
A LONDON DIARY	661
THAT GERMANY	662
THIS ENGLAND	663
THE FIFTH COLUMN AT WORK	663
WISHFUL. By Y. Y.	664
TECHNICIANS. By Kenneth Gee	665
WHY ARE WE AT WAR? By Jean Giraudoux	665
COCTEAU AT THE GATE. By Desmond MacCarthy	666
PICTURES AT HERTFORD HOUSE. By Sir Hugh Walpole	667
TCHAIKOVSKY. By W. J. Turner	668
PLAYS AND PICTURES	668
CORRESPONDENCE	669
From D. N. Pritt, K.C.; John Midgley; P. R. D. Shufeldt; Michael Sadleir; Schoolmistress; Despised Volunteer.	
REVIEWS:	
Gulliver's Travels. By V. S. Pritchett	672
Clem Attlee. By R. H. S. Crossman	672
The Spanish Republic. By George Beaton	674
The End of an Historian. By Flora Grierson	676
Reviews—*contd.*	Page
Steenie. By A. L. Rowse	676
Statistical Golconda. By G. D. H. Cole	676
The Progress of Simenon. By Ralph Partridge	678
Blood and Thunder. By T. C. Worsley	680
SHORTER NOTICES	680
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By E. Sackville West	682
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	684
CROSSWORD	684
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Cynicus	686

TOTAL WAR

WITHIN a week the fury of "the mechanised Attila," to use M. Blum's memorable phrase, has changed the shape of the world. It has brought death and destruction to the countryside and cities of Belgium and Northern France, pulverised the position-warfare of General Gamelin and brought the danger of an invasion of this country nearer than it has been for a hundred and twenty years. In 1918 we stood with our backs to the wall. To-day the wall has crumbled, the British and French peoples have nothing to rely on but their own stout spirits. But if we have lost our long-prepared defensive positions, we have also got rid of most of the illusions and the illusion-mongers who made our defences impossible to maintain. To-day, both in Britain and in France, we have men in control who express the people's will to resist and to destroy the terror of National Socialism. M. Reynaud has at last been able to speak his mind about some of his earlier colleagues and advisers; M. Mandel will at last be able to clamp down on dangerous elements in high places. Here too there is a sudden and dynamic awakening.

The most powerful words in Mr. Churchill's impressive broadcast were his statement, surely welcomed by almost everyone who listened to him, that the Government would not "hesitate to take every step, even the most drastic, to call forth from our people the last ounce and the last inch of effort of which they are capable. The interest of property and the hours of labour are nothing compared to the struggle for life and honour, for life and freedom to which we vowed ourselves." Nor were these empty words. On Wednesday, Mr. Attlee quietly and with an impressive absence of rhetoric announced the most complete plans for War Socialism to which a democracy has ever submitted itself. That Excess Profits are now to be taxed at the rate of 100 per cent. seemed a triviality compared with the colossal powers over the property and person (including the Banks) which the House gladly vested in the Cabinet. At last we are to become a nation mobilised to defend itself in Total War: the principles which Mr. Attlee and Mr. Greenwood had hoped to apply to the problems of peace are now accepted even by their opponents as necessary to the prosecution of the war. We can no longer be private persons, doing a job of work when we feel so inclined, haggling over rights, disputing about proprieties and defending the niceties of departmental or commercial procedure. Now for the duration we are all, irrespective of class, public persons willingly suspending our liberties of action in order to obtain an opportunity in the future to enjoy them again. The bold and imaginative lead which Harold Laski gave to the Bournemouth Conference can now be implemented in the country. Mr. Churchill had the confidence of his Conservative colleagues: now, in full partnership with the Labour leaders, he has the powers to win the confidence and rekindle the energies of the whole people.

The Economic Front

Industrially, as well as on the field of battle, the entire situation has been dramatically changed by the events of the past few days. Questions of wages and prices, of threatened invasion of Trade Union rights, and of industrial grievances generally, have suddenly become of no importance for the time being in comparison with the paramount task of supplying the armed forces at top speed. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin, instead of being faced with long arguments about this or that particular grievance, can rely on getting whatever they declare to be necessary in order to deal with the grave emergency. It has fallen to Lord Beaverbrook to call upon all aircraft factories to work night and day seven days a week, and on the aircraft workers to labour through Saturdays and Sundays until their ranks can be reinforced. But he, despite his political record, can feel as sure of the response as the chosen leaders of the Labour movement. It no longer matters, as it seemed a week ago that it might, that Mr. Bevin is a leader of the less skilled workers, who stand to gain by dilution, and not of the skilled craftsmen. That sort of thing did matter, and it may matter

again if this crisis is successfully outfaced. But none of it matters now. The workers will be ready to do what can be done to set right the tragic blunders of the past, up to the limit of their capacity. Any rights which they temporarily sacrifice will, as Mr. Attlee assured the House, be safeguarded and restored when possible.

We must, however, remember that endurance has its limits. It may be unavoidable for the next few weeks to call on aircraft workers and other key men to work long hours seven days a week. But such a pace cannot be sustained; and the attempt to sustain it would defeat the end. The task that faces this country economically is to bring about within the next month or so a vast new mobilisation of our industrial resources, accompanied by a transfer of skilled workers out of every non-essential industry, in order to remedy our grave shortcomings in the supply of tanks and planes, and to ensure that no part of our available man-power or capital resources is being wasted on superfluities when it could be diverted to the production of essential goods. The workers and the general body of the civil population will be ready to do their part now that they are assured that no vested interest is being allowed to stand in the way. For this reason it is important that the further taking over of industries by the State, already foreshadowed by Government spokesmen, shall be a far-reaching measure which will put a stop to war-profits once and for all. In an emergency such as this, the right course is to take over the vital industries and services completely, putting those who now manage them for profit on fixed salaries and under State orders. If this is done, the workers will not resent being told where and under what conditions they are to work, in order to render the country their best service.

When we say that questions of wages and prices are of minor importance for the time being, we mean that the public will so regard them, and not that the Government can afford to neglect them. Indeed, we understand that the Food and Supply Ministries and the Board of Trade are actively extending the control of prices over a wider range of goods, and that considerable further extensions are to be expected. The calamity in France cannot but aggravate the food difficulties of our Allies, who will now have large refugee populations to feed from the produce of a reduced area of supply. We shall have to go shares with them; and this may well mean a more severe rationing here than Lord Woolton has yet foreshadowed. If it does, it will be indispensable to prevent transfers of demand to substitute commodities outside the ration from forcing up prices to dangerous heights. Prices will have to be stringently controlled, and a considerable spread of rationing to further goods may have to be enforced. Moreover, transference of labour will cause shortages of clothing and other goods besides foodstuffs; and here too there is the need for action to keep rising prices in check. Where industries are not taken over at once, it will have to be made plain that any attempt at profiteering will be met promptly by the imposition of complete public control over the offending firm. In effect, Great Britain is already besieged; and our economic life must be ordered as long as the siege lasts under the orders of a Government which is already a Committee of Public Safety.

The German Attack

M. Reynaud's bold and honest speech to the Senate revealed the peril that threatens both the Allies, as well as the spirit of the men who must now cope with it. The French army, under General Gamelin, had built up behind the Maginot Line a purely defensive psychology and strategy. Under the veteran Weygand it must now adjust itself suddenly to a war of open manoeuvre and counter-attack. But on the sector that collapsed there were also local reasons for the disaster. The best troops were sent into Belgium and this vital part of the line was entrusted to poor divisions, which were ill-led. They failed to destroy the bridges of the Meuse, and broke when the Germans swept across them. Though the brilliant offensive tactics which the Germans now use—bombardment by low-flying planes and a charge of tanks, followed by motorised infantry—had been used experimentally in Spain and on a great scale in Poland, the High Command had neither thought out a counter-tactic, nor trained its armies to meet it. The parachutists, once more used to spread panic and destruction, seem also to have surprised the somnolent generals in spite of the example of Poland, Norway, Holland and Belgium. The Germans, taking great risks, have driven their swiftly moving wedge right to the coast and the mouth of the Somme at Abbeville, and have occupied the vital junction of Amiens. Their first purpose is evidently to divide the Allied forces, and encircle the British, French and Belgium troops in what is left of Belgium and the industrial north of France. If this daring movement could succeed, it would (*a*) give the Germans possession of the ports and aerodromes of the Channel and the Straits of Dover, (*b*) of the coal mines and industries of Northern France, and (*c*) compel the isolated Allied Forces either to stand a siege under terrific aerial bombardment, or to capitulate, or to cross the Straits to England. That done, the victorious invaders would then sweep down to Paris. But it may turn out otherwise.

The French Rally

We have faced the uglier possibility first. But there still remains another possibility. The Germans have advanced at reckless speed. They can make little if any use of the railways to bring up oil, munitions, food and reinforcements. This aerial and motorised cavalry cannot dig itself in. It covers no great width of ground, and exposes two long flanks to Allied counter-attack. If the French can rapidly reform, it is theoretically possible that a simultaneous attack from North and South might cut the intruding wedge and force the apex to surrender. We fear it would be too much to regard the good news that the French had recovered Arras as a sure sign of such a rally. The British are counter-attacking at Cambrai, and General von Reichenau has told neutral journalists to expect a pause in the German advance. These are hopeful symptoms. On the South, however, the Germans have got the useful and defensible ridge of the Chemin des Dames, and definitely occupied the town of Rethel. Anyone can see the theoretical possibilities of this situation for either combatant. But the practical possibilities are governed by the fact that the Germans have an immense numerical preponderance in planes and tanks. Our own airmen, with incessant efforts and legendary gallantry, are fighting to reduce this German ascendancy in the air. The French, finding anti-tank guns inadequate, are raking the columns of tanks with their 75's. But the German parachutists meanwhile, chiefly by arson, are cutting communications and disorganising the defence, while the German bombers are battering the ports. What we do not know is (*a*) how quickly the masses of German infantry are advancing to hold the ground won by the mechanised vanguard, nor (*b*) how rapidly the French can reform and assemble adequate forces to batter in the two flanks of the wedge. We can only watch in suspense, confident that M. Reynaud and General Weygand will show themselves worthy of France.

Russia and the Blockade

Mr. Molotov has addressed a rather stiff Note to the Foreign Office, which means that the trade negotiations he suggested many weeks ago are still held up by our insistence that Russia should report to us all her exports of her own produce to the enemy. What she will undertake is that her purchases from us shall not be re-exported. This ought to be enough for us, now that we have a Government that wishes to enter the door that Mr. Molotov opened. The right thing to do is to send a distinguished and sympathetic envoy to Moscow to discuss the whole political and economic situation, and we believe that this will soon be done. In the meanwhile it is to be hoped that the Commons will not press Mr. Dalton too hard over Russia's imports of copper into Vladivostok, which are, she maintains, for her own use. It is not wise to invite comparisons between our stiff treatment of Russia and our continued leniency to Italy. Two great Italian liners were allowed this week to pass Gibraltar without search, though one of them carried German passengers and mail. We doubt whether the Duce's decision whether or not he will enter the war will be affected by such means.

Indian Chivalry

The outlook in India has been transformed by the chivalrous decision of Congress that it will not take advantage of Britain's danger by starting civil disobedience. The generous speech in which Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru said that to do so would be "derogatory to India's honour" was worthy of his nobility of character and of his cause. This relief from the grave danger, material as well as moral, makes an opportunity which we count on Mr. Amery to seize. We cannot

fall behind Indians in generosity and vision. We must not imagine that they have weakened in their demands upon us, because their horror of Nazi brutality has led them to this decision not to weaken our defence. We doubt whether Lord Linlithgow, whatever his other qualities may be, has the rare gift of instinct which this emotional situation demands. We would urge the consideration of two suggestions. (1) Should Mr. Amery in person take charge, fly to India and endeavour at this uniquely favourable moment to bring about a settlement? (2) Would it be a wise move, after fruitful contact with the Indian leaders, to pass at once in Parliament a resolution conceding the substance of India's demand and affirming in the clearest terms our intention of respecting her right through elected representatives to determine her own future? The worst thing we could do, after this noble gesture from Congress, would be to fold our arms and relapse into inaction. In principle, at least, the whole problem of India's status can and should be settled now.

Mexican Oil

The Churchill Government should at once grapple with the minor, but important problem, of Anglo-Mexican relations. Since the dispute about the expropriation of the oil companies blew up in the spring of 1938, we have severed all diplomatic relations with Mexico and been content to watch millions of barrels exported before war broke out to Germany, since then to Italy. The attitude of the Foreign Office, which has simply backed the companies in their demand for full restoration of their rights and refusal to consider compensation, has been in marked contrast to that of Mr. Cordell Hull. He has admitted the right of "any Government to expropriate private property within its borders," but added, "the taking of property without compensation is not expropriation. It is confiscation." He used these words in dealing with agrarian claims to compensation which are now on the way to a satisfactory settlement; with regard to oil, he at first took no diplomatic action and then last April proposed arbitration, a proposal which the Mexicans turned down in the hope of settling the controversy directly with the companies. Thereupon on May 9th one small group agreed to accept a lump sum as full compensation. It is surely clear that in dealing with Mexico our policy should run parallel with that of the U.S.A. Joint pressure now to secure compensation, while recognising the right of expropriation, would satisfy Mexican national pride, reimburse the companies and prevent the oil from travelling in the wrong direction. President Cardenas is no lover of Fascism and his candidate is facing a Nazi protégé in the Presidential Elections next July. If we could settle the matter speedily, we should ensure the defeat of the Mexican Quislings, who are extremely active to-day.

The U.S.A. and the War

The invasion of Holland and Belgium and the German drive across the North of France has changed opinion in the United States overnight. Natural anxiety to keep out of the war remains strong in the United States, but desire to save the Allies from defeat is sweeping aside other considerations and has even submerged party politics before the Presidential election. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's leadership is now almost universally recognised. The substitution of Mr. Churchill for Mr. Chamberlain has made co-operation immediately possible. There is every prospect of a great speed-up in the help which would in any case have come from America. A considerable supply of American aeroplanes attached to United States forces is likely to arrive on this side of the Atlantic, though the number of up-to-date machines is said to be very limited. The fact of American help has an important psychological effect here, and if American ships begin to come back to our waters the immediate material aid of the United States will be of great importance.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS: Readers are free to post this paper to any country other than the following, to which only the publisher or newsagent with a permit may post:

Italy, Ruthenia, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, San Marino, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Spain, Bulgaria, Thailand (Siam), Vatican City, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Andorra, Finland, or any dependencies thereof.

Postal services temporarily suspended to:

Denmark, Norway, Greenland.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½; Canada, 1d.

LEGEND AND REALITY

FOR eight months we have been living off legends: instead of fighting this war with the weapons and techniques of our own time, we have told each other stories of past triumphs and sought to create a dream world in retrospect. The English dream of a slow, unhurried victory through the blockade of an invincible navy, the French dream of a position-warfare behind impregnable fortified positions, the Allied dream that National-Socialism would crumble of its own accord by the process of time, while we at our own pace organised our vastly superior resources—it is on such fantasies that we have fed, while Hitler prepared his total, annihilating warfare.

There were a few in Britain and France who rejected dreams and dared to look reality in the face. They did not belong to any particular generation or party—indeed their political philosophies were often so violently opposed that they were unable to unite their strength. But the common characteristic of them all was their understanding of the nature of the Totalitarian State and their recognition that against this new incarnation of dynamic power Liberal Capitalism, which had been given a new lease of life by the victory of 1918, would not survive. In the minds of these few men and women there was only one question. Would the Western democracies be annihilated by a totalitarian attack or would they, by a terrific effort of self reorganisation, both domestic and international, revolutionise their structure and traditions, and pull through?

The wise old men of all parties and all ages jeered at their critics and called them Cassandras. Gazing upon the plenty they had created among poverty and on their vast imperial resources—largely undeveloped since scarcity was more profitable than abundance—they convinced themselves that wealth spelt impregnability and prestige power. If there was an enemy, he was to be found first among their own unemployed whose ferocity could be deadened by a dole, and, secondly, in Russia where a total state was waging war on medieval squalor. As for Hitler, when he first came to power they treated him with contempt as an upstart; and when he became powerful, they paid him Danegeld in the currency of small nations. Finally, when the danger was imminent, they began with a sublime and leisurely self-confidence to prepare to fight the last war over again, but without the help of Russia and America. Against the total organisation of air power, a mechanised army, a war economy and a Fifth Column in every country, they were confident that the British Navy and the French fortifications would prevail. And for propaganda both at home and abroad, they were content to rely with small variations upon the slogans of 1918.

To-day legend is being dissipated: reality is suddenly revealed to startled eyes. At last it is realised that reliance upon outworn techniques and phrases and personalities and, worst of all, reliance on potential material superiority spell disaster. At the eleventh hour, the prophets whose prophecies were unheeded for ten long years are called upon to save the Allies from destruction.

If however they are to do the job, more than a new Cabinet is necessary. In Japan there is a socially useful tradition whereby men, who have failed in the work entrusted to them, themselves draw the drastic conclusion of that failure. We need the British substitute for hari-kiri to-day both among our politicians, our leading Civil Servants and our controllers. Sir Horace Wilson has left No. 10, but men of his choice and of his style still occupy commanding positions throughout the administration; and the Treasury is still dominated by those conscientious old women whose preference for the proprieties of procedure over the necessities of war has for months prevented the construction of a planned war economy. There is scarcely a department of State, either civil or military, which does not suffer from the chronic and gentlemanly obstructionism of Civil Servants, the keys to whose peacetime success were first their elegant ability to shelve issues until action was impossible, and, secondly, their skill in prosecuting departmental skirmishes and thereby preventing any co-ordination of effort. The cult of correct departmental procedure may be unobjectionable in times of peace: it is more deadly than any Fifth Column in total warfare. The new Cabinet can be no respecter of persons in its departmental purge.

So, too, with Mr. Morrison, Mr. Bevin and Lord Beaverbrook. They have a superhuman task to perform. So far the problems of supply and labour have been handled with a delicate sensitivity to the feelings of every organised interest which might be adversely affected by a vigorous prosecution of the war. If there was not corruption in and around the Ministry of Supply, there was a solicitude for private interests which in wartime is equally deadly. At every key-point it was

the representatives of those private interests which dominate policy decisions and endanger the national effort by their attention to wartime or post-war profits. They too, like the Civil Servants, have their code of conduct based on the needs of businesses who for years have maintained profits by organising scarcity. In total war, that code of conduct is tantamount to treason. British working people are willing for any sacrifices when they are convinced of their necessity. What hinders their full employment is the tangle of rules and regulations to protect this or that private interest, the presence of a host of controllers who, from impeccable motives of business propriety, are sabotaging our war-production, and the lack of a national register of the labour available. The Government now has full powers to deal with the vested interests. Let it do so speedily.

Above all Mr. Churchill, and with him Mr. Duff Cooper, must create in the masses of the people a will to action. Our morale remains unchallengeably high—it has been strengthened by their recent admirable broadcasts, but it is still that of a people watching, not participating, in the war. Millions want victory and imagine that defeat is impossible; but, inured by years of governmental aloofness, they either feel frustrated in their will to action or accept passivity as a natural law. It is not appeals which are needed, but precise statements of jobs to be done and services rendered and, above all, a confidence in the people sufficient to permit them to get on with the work without waiting for government regulation. The War Office wants "Para shoots": hundreds of thousands have filled up forms. Are they to wait once again for weeks before they get to work? And are they then as in A.R.P. to hear lectures and pass examinations? Why should not every village and every ward choose its own leader for the time being? Why should not immediate instructions be broadcast which leaders can follow in training their group in observation and discipline? A home defence force thus spontaneously and locally self-organised would sometimes be unsoldierly and sometimes chaotic. But it would turn our morale from that of the wireless-listener to that of the active participant—and once the movement was created, it could be given its order and coherence. If it is dangerous to trust the people, the answer is—we live in dangerous times. And to create a disciplined force is far less dangerous than to allow panic to grow and rumour to work unchecked.

None of this, of course, can affect the issue of the struggle in Northern France. There we must rely on the courage of the Armies engaged and the ability of human endurance to defeat superior mechanical power. But if and when this immediate crisis is past, we must have already in active preparation that war-machine which we failed to build either before the war or during its first eight months. Nothing less than the imminence of defeat was necessary to unseat the procrastinators; nothing less than the full use of the new emergency powers can turn imminent defeat into victory. But at least this can be said: this week the democracies have dismissed legends and faced realities.

THE INVASION

C'est l'invasion. And what an invasion! The word the French had dreaded for twenty years—more: for at least seventy years. The third time in seventy years. The old familiar place names once again: Laon, St. Quentin, Sedan of unholy memory. Rheims bombed, Arras bombed; and the Boches driving their terrific armoured machine towards the Channel Ports—or towards Paris? We may know in a few days. At the moment they have reached the top of the Oise valley; which way will they turn: south or west?

It is no use my describing this inflow of thousands of tanks and armoured cars, closely followed by infantry transported by lorries, and hundreds of bombers overhead, sowing death and destruction on their way. They say it's not unlike the invasion by the armoured Martians described in one of H. G. Wells's early books.

The French are going to stop it. They must stop it. The R.A.F. fighters are coming to the rescue. The French anti-tank guns are slowing down the progress of the armoured "steamroller"; at close range the old "75" field gun can knock hell out of the tanks. The French have got lots of "75's." The invasion must be stopped; they must not be allowed to reach Paris; or the Channel Ports. If they did, it might mean the end of everything. We in Paris feel that it *cannot* happen; one just cannot imagine Hitler driving through the Champs-Elysées, and laying a filthy wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave, as he laid a wreath on the grave of Pilsudski.

"La situation est grave, mais nullement désespérée," Paul Reynaud said on Saturday night. But even at its best, what a tragedy for France! Who would have foretold a fortnight ago that the invasion of France would be, before long, in full swing? Like the worst moments of 1914 and 1870. . . . Refugees, refugees, and more refugees pouring in; some in Paris buses; some on foot, with fearful stories to tell of how they were machine gunned on the roads; the luckier ones in private cars, with mattresses on top to weaken the blow of the machine-gun bullets. Paris is full of Belgian cars; even without seeing them you know them by their hooters, louder than any Paris horns. Many people have left; the streets seem strangely empty; and Paris is strangely beautiful these days; when you walk down the Seine, where a few—but only a few—of the bookstalls are still open you cannot help feeling a fearful pang in your heart, as you look at the familiar beauty of it all—the river and the bridges and the Louvre, and the dome of the Institut de France, and the Port des Arts (where the other day I still saw a soldier on leave—no doubt an art student—painting a banal little picture of the Ile de la Cité), and the towers of Notre Dame in the distance. And the bookshops on the quais, and the little art dealers in the old side streets behind St. Germain-des-Prés, and the little bistros with the zinc counter—a whole, immense, beautiful civilisation and a whole art of living threatened by the army of crawling monsters. I went into a little bistro on the quai the other night; all the womenfolk were in tears; they had just heard Reynaud's broadcast "grave, mais nullement désespérée"; they had their men at the Front—if that crooked mess may be called a "Front"—and God! didn't they guess without being told by the papers that the French casualties were fearful—perhaps as fearful as in the first weeks of the last war.

Was it not in December that Daladier said that France had lost 450,000 men in the first three months of the last war; now, he added with satisfaction, she had, in the same period of time, lost only 1,600 men: La France n'a pas été envahie. Loud cheers. Notre Ligne Maginot, and so on, and so forth. . . .

In the little bistrot I was served an entrecote and épinards à la crême and a carafe de rouge by a young waitress. She came from Marseilles, and spoke with the broad midi accent, which made one think of cypresses and little whitewashed houses under a blue sky. She had two brothers in the army, and spoke of them with tears in her eyes. "And yet," she said, "they have gone there bravely to do their duty. It's better to die than to live under such tyrants." "*I* shouldn't live under *les tyrrangs*," she added in her midi accent. And, pointing at the river outside: "Je me foutrais plutot à la Seine."

It's the spirit of France. It is going to be *la guerre à outrance.* Only, only . . . of what avail, in the last resort, is personal bravery, and the willingness to die rather than live *sous les tyrrangs* when the Martians are marching in?

We shall see what Weygand can do. It makes one sick to think that Weygand was more or less *limogé* at the insistence of our Left Wing politicians because he was a Catholic and went to Mass. That was a few years ago; and he was never allowed to run the show—till now. Now Weygand has been called upon to clean up the mess.

Reynaud has taken over the War Office. He has appointed Pétain, of Verdun fame, Vice-Premier; and Weygand generalissimo. Mandel has gone to the Ministry of the Interior, and the Fifth Column blokes are trembling in their shoes. I shouldn't be surprised if some of our old friends were to land in jug one of these days. There's no doubt about it. The right men are in the right places; and if everything depended on the men in command—with Winston in England, and Reynaud and Weygand here—the war would certainly be won.

I saw Weygand leaving the War Office the other day; the little man's vitality seemed tremendous. It's no use asking the question now why *these* people haven't been running the show all these years; we shouldn't be where we are. But it's no use recriminating. Only it is a sad fact—and one recognised by the military correspondent of the *Temps*, that the men in charge failed completely to learn the grim lesson Hitler so very considerately taught us when he invaded Poland. They didn't study the lesson; they preferred to assume that the Poles, with their boastfulness, their frivolity, their silly "most magnificent cavalry in Europe," their rotten high command, were—oh, yes, despite the bravery of the individual Polish soldier—no damn good.

And now the tremendous struggle is going on. The French have been in worse fixes than this—or at least as bad. Their genius for improvisation is great, and their courage and spirit of self-sacrifice unequalled. *La jeunesse française* is up there, in the North, not so very far away from Paris, fighting the Martians. . . . H. G.'s Martians were defeated in the end, you will remember. I think they will be beaten again; but how much will be left of *la jeunesse française*, how much will be left of my Paris?

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, May 20th, 1940.

THE REFUGEES AND THE WAR

WHEN war broke out the most ardent wish of practically all refugees from Nazi oppression was to participate in the fight against Hitler's barbarism to the best of their abilities. Countless brutalities, humiliations and spoliations which they had suffered, rankled in their memories, and they longed to avenge friends and relatives killed in concentration camps, or forced through intolerable conditions to commit suicide. Many of the younger refugees were eager to serve in the fighting forces. Among the older men many held high qualifications for vital war services, and some were men of world reputation. This group included officers, engineers, chemists, doctors, scientists, industrialists, linguists, writers, journalists, artists, skilled artisans, and many other branches. All of them were only too willing to place their knowledge and experience at the disposal of the authorities; few, indeed, would not gladly have accepted any sort of national service for which they were fitted. Their hopes have been dashed. It has even been officially stated that for military purposes refugees would only be accepted for a special corps designed mainly for unskilled labour like making of roads. In France, on the other hand, refugees are widely employed in war service of every kind.

The present campaign against the refugees as a possible source for a Fifth Column is based on a misrepresentation which is as absurd as it is cruel. The traitors in Norway and Holland were certainly not refugees but partly true-born Norwegians, or Dutch, and partly Germans expressly maintained in residence by the Nazis for their own purposes. As the two States were very weak and hoped to prove their neutrality by subservience to Germany, they admitted freely all Nazis. The fact is a most important one, and it deserves to be more widely known in this country that not even a visa was required by Norway or Holland for German passports. On the other hand, a would-be visitor, or immigrant, to England before the war was subject to the most searching inquiries, and when the war broke out all those suspect to the police were forced to leave, or were interned. Nothing of this sort has been the case in Norway or Holland.

A refugee at present staying in this country had to undergo one after the other quite a number of investigations and examinations, namely (1) by a recognised committee (Bloomsbury House, etc.), (2) by a British Consulate, (3) by the Home Office, (4) by the Immigration Officer, (5) after arrival by the police, (6) by the recent Tribunals (sometimes twice). The police, moreover, watches all his movements, the Censor reads his letters, suspicious neighbours keep their eyes upon him, and often report his doings to the police (as appears from notices in the press). His foreign accent, which is almost invariable, renders him liable to suspicion wherever he goes. It is difficult to imagine how a refugee, true or faked, could evade all these controls while carrying on treacherous activities.

The Home Office regulations about admission of refugees before the war were very strict, and in principle discouraged refugees who could become competitors in the labour market. A large proportion of the refugees admitted consisted of old people over 60, of women ready to become domestic servants, and of children, besides a number of younger men, who were interned in the Richborough camp awaiting subsequent re-emigration, and many of whom since have joined the Pioneer Corps. One can hardly suppress a smile when one finds people imagining that these elderly Jewish business people, doctors, or scientists may be possible helpers of parachutists, and planning to set ablaze the home of their relatives and friends in this country.

The refugees, of course, would not be human if among 70,000 there were no undesirable elements at all. Moreover, the ever-increasing difficulty of getting a labour permit, and the spreading of distrust and prejudice against aliens must exercise a demoralising influence on certain types of refugee, on those who are specially sensitive, who lack firmness of character, or who have lost every hope of ever attaining anything approaching a normal position in life. All the splendid efforts of private charity cannot quite prevent the moral deterioration of some refugees. Suicide has become frequent. If despair or other motives have, however, caused any refugees to engage in undesirable activities, it is strange that the press has so far failed to find serious cases for publication. While a section of the press are appealing to the example of Holland as a warning against refugees, these papers do not hesitate (in a different column) to give the information that Dr. Seyss-Inquart has been appointed Reich Commissioner for Holland and issued as his first order that all refugees who came to Holland from Germany after 1933 will be sent to concentration camps, and all their property confiscated; and that after about ten days in the concentration camps they will be sent to Poland. For the refugees themselves in Great Britain, in fact, the lesson of Holland is one so terrible that if anything was needed (which it certainly is not) to confirm their terror of a Nazi invasion it would be the fate of their unfortunate friends in the countries invaded by Hitler. Deportation to Poland means, as is well known, being dumped in the Lublin ghetto, there to perish from exposure, famine and disease. No houses, no means of livelihood await them there. Any kindness to them on the part of Polish peasants is a punishable offence. It would be far more merciful if the Nazi authorities in Holland and elsewhere would mow down these German refugees with machine-guns rather than send them to die by inches in the Polish ghetto.

It is freely asserted that the Nazis have managed to smuggle agents into this country under the disguise of refugees. The possibility of such a thing cannot, of course, be quite excluded. But it seems most improbable that persons in the position of refugees would succeed in evading all the above-mentioned checks. Moreover, the typical refugee speaks a rather poor English and, therefore, is immediately recognisable and under constant observation. He usually has no good social contacts and is prevented by lack of means from mixing in that kind of society where information valuable to the enemy could be gathered. A man living like a typical refugee, who would act as a spy for Germany, would hardly be worth his pay. It is often assumed that they could mix with sailors or soldiers and draw them out. But very few refugees know enough English to talk with a sailor without immediately arousing suspicion. We may, in fact, credit the Nazis with enough brains and skill not to adopt such a risky method.

Hitler has millions of followers all over the world, many of whom have had a perfect English education, e.g. Americans of German descent. A large number of them belong to wealthy circles with excellent social contacts and political influence. It is significant that the traitor of Holland, Mr. Rost van Tonningen, for a long time represented the League of Nations in Austria as controller of the Austrian finances, in which capacity he used his political influence for bringing about the destruction of democracy and paving the way for Hitler.

There have been many rumours about spies disguised as refugees, and such rumours are most deliberately promoted by a very intensive campaign from certain quarters. A single well-authenticated instance would be regarded by these persons as a most valuable prize. Nevertheless, no single case has been officially confirmed and made public. If such cases exist at all they must, therefore, be extremely few.

Refugees could help in finding out spies.

The argument, therefore, that true and faked refugees cannot be separated is quite untenable. The great majority of cases is absolutely clear. In doubtful cases supplementary information could be obtained if the authorities would consult refugees of high standing and wide experience. Their intimate knowledge of persons and facts of their home country would often enable them to clear up any questionable cases.

FREDERICK HERTZ

A LONDON DIARY

EXCEPT in one short dispatch in Wednesday's *Evening News* I have seen no serious attempt by an eye-witness to convey the real horror of the German invasion of northern France and Belgium. Towns and villages, it seems, have been reduced to ash heaps, with unnumbered dead buried in the pyre. Guernica, as some understood at the time, was a German field exercise, carried out as practice for later use in France, Britain, Russia and elsewhere. The familiar names—Cambrai, St. Quentin and the rest—are once again the scene of agony; Arras, where the ruined cathedral stood for so long silhouetted against the sky, is once again razed to the ground, while parts of Amiens, deserted but little damaged and never occupied in 1918, are in flames. The destruction of Flanders was, God knows, complete enough in the last war; the difference this time is that bombers and tanks and parachutists have done as much damage in a few days as artillery did last time in months or years. Last time the civilian population had time to get out; to-day they are caught, burnt and blasted to death or machine gunned on the roads to create panic and confusion and impede the movement of troops. This is the final nightmare which has haunted our minds for years; the translation into precise reality, now in France and soon in England, of the most fantastic of the prophecies of H. G. Wells. Mr. Werth, writing from Paris this week, naturally recalls the Martians—the monstrous machine-men who invade the world from another planet. We have not waited for that; we have

decided to get on with the job of becoming Martians ourselves. In this war the individual, unless he is part of an aeroplane or tank, is as helpless as an ant beneath the careless boot of a passer-by.

* * *

One of the oddest parts of the story is that General Gamelin and his staff should have been taken by surprise. Experts have known all about the new German method of war for long enough and they have seen it practised in Poland. Even the layman knew. The whole method of attack was tried out, with representatives of the Powers watching, at the great German military manoeuvres of 1937. The details appeared in Max Werner's *Military Strength of the Powers*, which was published by the Gollancz last summer. You will find an exact account of the present German offensive—the low-flying bombers, followed by hundreds of monster tanks and then by motorised units; you will even find a prophecy of the section of the line where the Germans would attack. Why then, were the French generals surprised? The answer would take one far. The first reason is that the French relied ever since the last war on defence and built up for themselves a myth of an impregnable fortress—which only makes it more strange that they should not have built a Maginot Line all the way to the sea. One recalls the well-supported story that one of the reasons for Mr. Hore-Belisha's unpopularity with General Gamelin and others was his unduly searching questions about the strength of the new lines that were being constructed between France and Belgium. If there was gross muddle or worse in the failure to blow up the bridges across the Meuse that does not explain why General Gamelin thought that tanks could not cross the Ardennes or why he did not, in any case, build fortresses to the sea. But one must go deeper into the whole structure of civilised democracy, where the best brains have not been devoted to war and where everyone has hoped there would be no war and where profits have decided production, where industry and politics have been amateurish and slow-moving and where we have all been comfortable and hesitant. How much more efficient are we in England? That, no one yet knows, though we soon shall. The invasion of Holland and Belgium prevented inquiry into the Norwegian expedition—but some knowledge of its gross inefficiency has leaked out. M.P.s are now saying with fury that they have been deceived about the number of our aeroplanes. Sir Kingsley Wood had a wonderful phrase about aeroplanes "accruing" to us which did not apparently mean that they actually existed. As Air Minister he was so good at figures that he is no doubt thought to be in his proper position at the Exchequer. Behind all this, I note a deeper reason for our surprise and unpreparedness. The Germans have the *élan* of the French revolutionary army, 1792. They have also trained a generation without pity or scruple; they are the Martians. We cannot dehumanise ourselves. Hence we, still civilised men, stand as best we can to-day against machine men to whom our lives, our aspirations and our humanity earn us nothing but contempt.

* * *

Mr. Duff Cooper is the first Minister, with the exception of course of Mr. Churchill, to show an understanding that broadcasting is not something that any politician can take in his stride. He has already broadcast three times and each talk has marked an advance in technique and in sureness of touch. Like Mr. Churchill, he knows that in order to give information, you must provide not only "facts," but a picture which will enable the man in the street to see those facts is real and living; in order to carry conviction, you must not merely state the truth (omitting awkward truths) but be candid and honest with your public. Having expressed my thanks to Mr. Duff Cooper, however, I want to make one complaint. Can he not put a stop to the false optimism of some especially evening newspaper headlines? Here is a series: Friday, May 17th: British Troops Successes. French Repel New Attacks Near Sedan. (*Star.*) Sunday, May 19th: Attacks Less Powerful. (*Sunday Dispatch*). Monday, May 20th: Germans Thrown Back across Aisne: Fierce St. Quentin Battle. (*Evening Standard*). Tuesday, 21st: Enemy Attacks Beaten Off. (*Evening News*). New Attacks at Aisne and Rethel Repulsed. (*Evening Standard*). That is merely a chance lot which happened to catch my eye. They seem unnecessarily destructive of morale and make a most unpleasing contrast with the soberness of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Duff Cooper's own statements.

* * *

One of Ernest Bevin's first jobs will be to tackle the thorny problem of dilution and I hope he will be ready to disregard a great deal of humbug and get down to the real problem of mobilising our labour power, and at the same time seeing that its proper safeguards are maintained. If he is to do this there will have to be some straight talking to the representatives, both of the employers and of the men. Part of the trouble is that neither the men nor the employers have been willing to admit the revolution which has taken place since the last war in the engineering industry. A friend of mine, who worked as a skilled engineer from 1914-1918 and then went into politics, went round a shadow factory a few weeks ago. He tells me that things have changed beyond all recognition. "Where is your drawing?" he asked one engineer, and was amazed to learn that rationalisation has dispensed with drawings: the modern worker has merely a sketch of the tiny component on which he is working and the tools and gauges required for the job are described and numbered for him. "The strumming of the pulley and belt drive is gone," he said, "each production unit, be it autolathe or drill is directly powered by electric current. My skill would be no use in there to-day. You could be taught that job as easily as a monkey can be taught to do tricks." Engineers in fact, who used to be the aristocrats of industry, have become merely labour units in an automatic machine, and the skill is now confined to the drawing rooms and tool rooms where the jigs and tools for the ordinary engineer are made. But in spite of this the A.E.U. still retains the myth that all its members are craftsmen and some of its spokesmen describe as dilution what is really nothing more than the mobilisation of semi-skilled labour. Again, there is a strong prejudice against the use of women in the engineering trade, and also against night-work for women. In France 300,000 women have been mobilised for armament production, and my friend tells me that their nimble fingers can perform the highly delicate and precision operations with the type of tool which is now available, but which was unheard of in 1918. The A.E.U. is rapidly becoming an industrial union with a small section of craftsmen, and it would be well advised, instead of arguing the rights and wrongs of women doing men's jobs, to insist that the agreement arrived at some time ago should be fully honoured and that women should be treated on a parity with men. Above all, the engineering unions should open their ranks to women.

* * *

I referred last week to the danger of panic about parachutists and Fifth Columnists. The warning has been more than justified. Ignorance and hysteria are a terrible combination and I have come across cases of people who are accused of being pro-German or of harbouring Germans merely because they have very properly had refugee servants or nurses for their children. So hysterical is the cry against foreigners in some places that many refugees who have been interned have welcomed the security of internment. Meanwhile such real Fifth Columnists as there are, are probably comfortably placed people whom few people suspect. Much panic is created by silly letters to the press and by scribbling on the wall. The wall scribbles are no doubt put up by Fifth Columnists themselves. If they succeed in making panic and hysteria, if they get English journalists to write, as one did recently, an article entitled *Can You Trust Your Friend?* then they will have done the parachutist's work without the parachutists. The point of a parachutist is to produce panic and distrust!

* * *

A friend of mine was sitting in a restaurant last Friday when it first became clear how serious the situation in Northern France was. At the next table was a young Communist whom he knew. In a lull of the conversation he heard the Communist say: "Yes, I am beginning to realise how grave the position is." My friend, glad of a conversation to sanity even at the eleventh hour, was just going to offer his congratulations when the Communist went on "Arming the British Legion against the parachutists—it's nothing but the introduction of Fascism."

CRITIC.

THAT GERMANY

On the Day Before the Invasion of Holland

The London Ministry of Information could not have conceived anything more idiotic than the story of two German armies advancing from Bremen and Düsseldorf against Holland.—*Völkischer Beobachter*, 8th May.

After the Invasion

The Belgian and Dutch Governments to-day attempted to deliver notes of protest in the Foreign Office through their representatives in Berlin. After taking cognizance of the impudent and idiotic contents of these notes the officials on duty refused to receive them and requested the ambassadors to make their requests for the return of their passports which they had already mentioned verbally in the usual appropriate form. On Friday the Government disclosed to the world the outrageous political and military manoeuvres of England and France. After this it needed a high degree of impudence, shamelessness and above all stupidity to attempt to destroy these well-established facts by stupid phrases. It is really comic when a foreign minister ostensibly asserts that there has been a German invasion although he himself knows every detail about the planned Allied offensive against Germany and had given it his consent.—*Deutsches Nachrichtenbureau*, 11th May.

Polish Forced Labour

Before the Poles are distributed to their various places of work in the country they must submit themselves to a medical examination. This gives the German workman the guarantee that the Polish labour with which he comes into contact during work hours is really healthy. The Poles who are employed are permitted complete freedom in their social relations with one another. Naturally they cannot demand that they should be allowed any contact with the German people after work hours. On racial grounds and also in view of war conditions this would be quite intolerable.—*Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, 6th May.

The Gestapo as a Part of Higher Education

The Chief of the Security Police and Security Service announces that from now on students, immediately after taking their examinations and until they are called up into the Labour Service, the army or the armed S.S., will be admitted into service with the Security Police (Secret and Criminal Police). . . The purpose of this measure is to give the students after passing their examinations the opportunity to get to know the police services by personal experience and in certain cases to enable them to decide upon a career as a leader, i.e. a career as a leading official of the Security Police or a leader's career in the special S.S. detachment for the protection of the Führer.—*Frankfurter Zeitung*, 8th May.

Christopher Columbus and the Jews

In to-day's issue of the *Stürmer* there is an article on Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America: "Columbus scarcely knew anything about the dangers of the Jewish race, nothing at all of its danger when it was disguised as Christian." The *Stürmer* then describes how three Jews at the court of Isabella interested themselves in Columbus' plans "not of course out of interest in a bold adventure—for Jews were never seafarers and will never be seafarers—but simply because of their innate sense of profit which smelt out at once tremendous possibilities." It was the Jews who had suborned the sailors on board to force Columbus to turn back half way as the prospect of making land grew less. "History tells us also that it was not the famous discoverer, Christopher Columbus, who first set foot on the newly discovered land but of course the Jew, Louis de Torres."—*National Zeitung*, Basle, 14th May.

A Lucky Find

In Arnheim, Holland, at the general headquarters of the Dutch army, 32,000 military maps of Germany were discovered. In particular maps of the Ruhr area on the scale of one to one hundred thousand.—*Deutsches Nachrichtenbureau*, 14th May.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to W. R. F. Browning.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Many young people . . . read "This England" with that kind of sophisticated enjoyment which has become their peculiar perversion of what sense of humour the twentieth century has allowed them.—*Theology*.

The Bishop of Fulham announces that the conference of chaplains in North and Central Europe arranged to be held in Amsterdam next month has been postponed until the autumn.—*The Times*.

Mr. —— has a delightful small FURNISHED COUNTRY HOME to be LET for the Duration to the right people.—Advert. in the *Times*.

Art improves on Nature again. In the Vic-Wells ballet, *The Wise Virgins*, audience thought they were seeing nudes. Actually dancers wore skin-pink tights, painted to resemble human anatomy.—*Evening Standard*.

A demand for talking parrots, mostly by women whose husbands are away with the Forces, or whose children are evacuated, is reported.—*Evening Standard*.

THE FIFTH COLUMN AT WORK

Now that the Nazis have swooped on Scandinavia, Holland and Belgium, everybody is talking about the Fifth Column. But only a few years ago, when the Germans attacked Austria and Bohemia, few people knew of its existence and hardly anybody believed that it was systematically organised in nearly every country.

I myself happened to be in Vienna when the Nazis marched in. On the following day I spoke to soldiers from Pomerania, police from Berlin and S.S. men from Munich. As I was a German national, they spoke quite frankly about the military and political preparations for the invasion. More than a week before Schuschnigg began his last struggle for Austria's independence, they said, S.S. men, fully informed about all the places of military and political importance, had been placed throughout Vienna and the Austrian provinces—in civilian dress.

I was in Berlin when Bohemia was attacked. Whilst Lord Runciman was travelling through that country, all the detailed plans for the economic occupation of Bohemia were being worked out in the offices of the Reich Economic Ministry, the Dresdner Bank, the Chemical Trust and the other industries. An engineer from Knapsack, who had formerly worked in Bohemia, furnished specially detailed information, and works secrets from the Witkowitz Iron Works and other militarily important factories were betrayed by a Czech technician whose job it had been to repair cranes.

In every case of National Socialist internal aggression there were not only Quislings at the top, but Quislings also in apparently unimportant positions.

Whilst Lord Runciman was making his last attempts to get the Czech and German Governments to reach an agreement, there sat in an office in Berlin one of the closest collaborators of Henlein, the Nazi leader of the Sudeten Germans: he was the lawyer Arnold Kriessl of Bodenbach and was in charge of the information from the Fifth Column. He had a Czech mother and spoke German with a hard Czech accent. Not only did he possess very exact knowledge of the population in the districts under dispute—the language they spoke, the political party to which they belonged, etc.—but he also had the most accurate information about the key people in all the banks and factories of any importance; and this applied not only to the Sudeten parts, but to the purely Czech parts too. He had lists showing name, age, profession, position in the firm, salary, origin and political views of Sudeten German engineers, technicians and bank employees, with a note whether and how they could be used in the event of a German occupation. I can vouch for this, as I had some of these confidential lists in my own hands.

After the occupation of the Sudeten areas, I spoke to a colleague who was an officer of the Reserve serving with a tank regiment. He told me that they had been very afraid lest the industries of Central Germany should be bombed, as the anti-aircraft defence was not adequate at the time; but on the whole they were confident as nearly all the important military positions, and especially the pill-boxes would be betrayed to the Germans.

After Bohemia had been occupied, German confidence swelled. The Nazis felt that their internal and foreign organisation for aggression was so excellent that it was hardly likely they would meet with resistance anywhere; consequently they extended their plans for the penetration of other countries.

The task of the Fifth Column is, of course, in the last resort and at the critical moment to carry out destruction, sabotage and treason. But before coming to the climax of its work the Fifth Column is by no means idle. And not only young hotheads are in it; on the contrary there are more business people, editors of commercial papers, language teachers, members of the German Society Abroad—indeed, such respectable people, during the period of "peaceful penetration," are sometimes the most important members of the Fifth Column. In the Far East, for instance, one of the most zealous of them was the correspondent of the semi-official economic leaflet "Trade Reports."

At first the Fifth Column only had the support of a few obliging people, but as time went on a solid organisation was built up; and when war broke out it covered nearly the whole world. Its work was facilitated by the close connections between representatives of German export firms and representatives of the Government and Party. There was not the slightest scruple about giving away economic and political secrets. Well-established, reputable export firms attempted at first to keep out of such matters. The German Chemical Trust, for instance, was not at first mixed up with it, and continued to employ some of its Jewish agents, giving as reason that unless the Trust kept them on, these men would be lost to its English and French competitors, the I.C.I. and the Etablissements Kuhlmann. But having got itself compromised in the intrigues leading up to June 30th, 1934, and some of its leading men nearly having fallen in the massacre, the Trust was forced to curry favour with the Party, especially with the Foreign Organisation. The number, power and importance of the Nazi connections abroad grew more and more. Often it was impossible to tell how far business men used their connections to improve their exports and how far Party officials used their connections with the foreign branches of export firms for their Fifth Column activities. The party considered it the main task of the economic experts to ascertain which positions in other countries could be politically utilised. On their advice, for instance, Germany's air-traffic in South America was developed. From this vantage point the German Government gained a specially good survey of South America's economic life.

It is certain that big business alone could not—any more than the representatives of the German Labour Front, the German Society Abroad and the Foreign Organisation of the Party—have sufficed to

develop such immense power in other countries. Only the closest collaboration of all politically and economically active Germans abroad could overcome the scruples felt by Germans abroad or the resistance of foreigners.

By combining the commercial, State and political machines it was possible to thwart the construction of a nitrogen plant in Finland, planned by the Army and business interests, to accelerate the cultivation of oil-seed and fibre plants in the Balkans, to increase the sale of weapons in the Far East. Only this combination rendered possible the economic and military conquest, which we are now witnessing.

The people concerned with the National Socialist "penetration" of other countries all paid particular attention to the Balkans. In autumn 1938, at a training meeting of the German Labour Front the following was said: "The German Ostmark and the Sudeten territory have come home to the Reich. Whether Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, which for that matter also belong to Greater Germany, will voluntary join Germany, is doubtful; perhaps they will do so when they have convinced themselves of German orderliness, efficiency and cleanliness; but they may take a long time. What is certain is that South-East Europe is a region from which the Germans with their colonial spirit will push out all other nations."

Since those words were uttered we can find endless examples proving that this programme has been consciously pursued. Economic commissions, mining experts and private individuals travelling in the Balkans under the cover of recommendations from non-political organisations, sought to inform themselves about the existence of any raw materials important for warfare, and to book them for Germany. In the administrative offices of big German wholesale firms people were busy working out draft lists of import and export goods which could be switched over to the Balkans, down to the least important products. Customs unions with Jugoslavia and Hungary were to pave the way for intensified economic pressure on the remaining Balkan countries. The Deutsche Bank, the heavy industry, the electrical and chemical industries were especially active as regards creating economic outposts in South-East Europe. The leaders of the German minorities were incited as well as German journalists and members of legations, consulates, etc., to carry out economic espionage. Some of the higher officials of the S.S. and the Foreign Organisation of the Party were attached to industrial firms and, after a short period of training, sent to positions which enabled them to obtain a rapid insight into the economic and political conditions in the Balkans. Where it was possible to win over and involve influential people by favours, this was done. Where it was necessary to apply stronger political means, nationalist organisations after the German pattern were created. By 1939 there was an unbroken chain of agents of the Third Reich stretching from Vienna to Teheran.

There were those who laughed at the idea of Germany ultimately establishing world rule. Fanatical Nazis, however, have not only thought of this but actually have done everything to prepare for it. Remember the German names mentioned in connection with the Integralist riots in Brazil.

On the occasion of a farewell dinner given in honour of the future commercial attaché in Teheran, I heard him say that Iran was a rich country. It would not be a bad thing if he could help one day in turning it into a German colony. I did not understand the words at the time and considered them to be a joke. To-day I understand them.

In the autumn of 1938 I spoke to the Head of the Foreign and Colonial Forestry Institute. He told me how, when he was travelling with a commission to study the Cameroons he took exact measurements of the timber stocks and made inquiries about the different sorts of wood all round Cameroon Hill—all this under the very eyes of the mandatory authorities. At the same time he had come into political touch with the German settlers. He was of the opinion that the forests would soon be exploited by Germany without any outlay of foreign exchange.

I have already mentioned that not only Germans but even members of so-called "suppressed" nations have been enlisted in the service of the Nazi Fifth Column. But it has never been generally known how many bona-fide neutrals slipped into their service without knowing it. One last example on this point: the director of a large German firm met the secretary of one of the most important industrial unions in the U.S.A. When the latter spoke disparagingly of the Nazis, the director invited him to come at his cost to Germany. Later on the German State bore the expense of the journey. When the American arrived he was received most heartily by the Ministry of Economics, by the Institute for Business Research and by large industrial firms, and the information he got was apparently objective. I myself took part in a conference at which the visit was being prepared. A confidential exposé of Germany's economic position was used. Two pages of statistics on Germany's actual indebtedness were torn out of the copy which was to be given to the American. The members of the conference were told exactly what they should point out to the American and what they should conceal. He later on wrote a very kind book on Germany, which was often quoted in German propaganda. The American likewise visited Russia. The Russians were not so well prepared for his visit and treated him less amiably. He spoke very disapprovingly of Russian economy.

After I had left Germany I saw the film *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. I do not know whether the clumsy methods of terror abroad shown in the film are often employed, but of the more subtle and, therefore, more dangerous methods, I personally have had such forcible proof that I know the world will have no peace until Nazism at home and abroad has ceased to exist.

WISHFUL

As I sat in a Kentish inn on Sunday I heard the sound of an argument going on out of sight in the public bar. "They've got to hand him over," the landlord was saying in dogmatic tones. I could not hear the answer, but it must have been something to do with Russia, for the landlord countered it with: "If he tries to hide in Russia, they've got to hand him over." I gathered that the argument was about the fate of Herr Hitler and that the only thing that divided opinion in the public bar was the question whether or not he would be allowed to find sanctuary, as the Kaiser did, in a neutral country after the war. On this point the landlord was adamant. He explained that the Dutch would have had to hand the Kaiser over after the last war if the Allies had wished this, but that he had been allowed to take refuge in Holland by special arrangement. Someone then suggested that Herr Hitler would probably fly to Italy. "Well," said the landlord, "suppose he does fly to Italy. Musso's got to hand him over. Look here, Charlie," he went on; "I'll make you a bet on this. Five pounds to a penny that, wherever he tries to hide himself, neutral country or not, they've got to hand him over, and they'll hand him over."

It was a day on which the news was dark enough to blot out the sun; but I confess the sun shone for me as I listened to the beautiful brazen assurance of the landlord. If he had been an islander who had always lived in safety remote from the knowledge of war, I might have put it down to complacency. But he was an old soldier, a man injured for life in the last war, and his faith in England was that of a man who confronted disaster a generation ago in the same spirit in which he confronts it to-day. The spirit of the English people at a crisis, I fancy, has always been a Robert-Browning spirit. "Never doubted clouds would break." There were critics who used to deride Browning as a smug optimist, but, as G. K. Chesterton once pointed out, Browning was the least Panglossian poet who ever wrote. He did not deny the existence of evil, he said; he recognised the existence of evil in its most monstrous forms and defied it and had no doubt of defeating it. That, I thought while I listened to the landlord, is the natural spirit of the Englishman as he drinks his glass of beer when civilisation is rocking.

Some people, no doubt, would dismiss the landlord's confidence as wishful thinking. If it was, then I for one am in favour of wishful thinking—in moderation. Still under the spell of the novelty of the phrase, we are too ready to condemn wishful thinking as, in all circumstances, a vice of human nature. Wishful thinking is, of course, a vice only when it is a substitute for action, and when a threatened country indulges in it to such a point that it makes no preparations to meet the threat. But in ordinary life it is no vice to wish for the best even while the worst is happening. Wishful thinking, in some of its aspects, is only another name for faith and hope. "It's the darkest hour before the dawn," is an old saying that has raised the spirits of men in dark and evil days, and what is it but an expression of the wishful thinking of mortals looking forward to to-morrow on a tragic planet? There are some people who draw a sad consolation from wishing that they had never been born, but I cannot see in what way their attitude is more rational than that of the wishful thinkers, like the old grey-red whiskered Sussex gardener who, towards the end of 1918, used to say to his war-shattered son: "It'll be all right, lad. Stick it." "It'll be all right." How often one has thought this and said it, and how often it has turned out to be true! Quite a number of times. Certainly more than fifty per cent. Pessimism may be more intellectual than optimism, but it is an even more fallible prophet.

A believer in optimism, though not a natural optimist, I felt a wave of optimism flowing through me on Monday when I returned to Hampstead from the country. The reason was simple. The wistaria in the garden was gushing with bloom as it had never gushed before. In recent years it had been so niggardly, sometimes even barren, of blossom that I had thought it in the last stages of decay. Then, after the deadliest winter of the century, "once, O wonder, once from the ashes of my heart there rose a blossom." Death had made way for life—life in colour, life in sweetness. Even this, however, would probably not have turned me into an optimist, if it had not connected itself with the memory of the most beautiful wistaria year I have ever known. As I looked at it I recalled Montreux in May, 1914, where, when I woke in the morning, I could see the top of Mont Blanc framed in exquisite blue clouds of wistaria that surrounded my bedroom window. I am only half-hearted about the Swiss mountains, but I have never seen anything lovelier than the Swiss wistaria as it was in bloom on the eve of what we once thought was the Great War.

Remembering this as I looked at the wistaria in my garden, I could not help giving way to a little wishful thinking and regarding this exuberent reflowering of a barren tree as a good omen. "1914 and 1940," I said to myself—"two great wistaria years. All's well." Childish? Undoubtedly; but I have known omens of the kind to come true.

Anyhow, I am, in the modern phrase, all for wishful thinking. I do not know what would have happened to the English people in the early days of the last war if they had not been a nation of wishful thinkers. Wishful-thinking economists told us that the war would be over in six weeks because by that time all the nations engaged in it would be bankrupt. Wishful-thinking strategists assured us that, wherever the Germans advanced in Belgium, they were walking into a trap prepared for them. Namur was a trap. Liége was a trap. "The pincers are closing in," people said to me, and I said to people, "The pincers are closing in." And I believed it resolutely—at least, with all the resolution of which I am capable. Blind as a bat, deaf as a post, to facts, I believed every wishful thinker I met who assured me that each disaster in turn was the prelude to a smashing Allied victory. Wishful thinking may be bad for Cabinet Ministers, but I am sure it is good for some of us. It is, perhaps, the best of all interpreters of bad news.

It is a curious thing that, though wishing plays so large a part in our lives, it cuts so poor a figure in proverbial, or indeed in any, literature. Is there any proverb that makes a virtue of wishing? The most famous proverb on the subject is the derisory: "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." I have been told that the condemnation of wishful thinking goes as far back as Demosthenes. And most of the folk-tales about wishing mock at our silly longings. Again and again we are told of someone who is given three wishes and who makes such an intolerable fool of himself with his second wish that he has to use the third wish to undo the harm he has done. I do not believe these folk-tales. I cannot admit, in spite of a considerable body of evidence in support of it, the universal lunacy of the human race. I feel sure, that if each of us were offered three wishes, 90 per cent. of us would, by the exercise of our volition, see to it that "he" was "handed over" within twenty-four hours.

After all, the poets, who are supposed to express the wisdom of mankind, are great wishers. They are always wishing they were here or wishing they were there—wishing they were in the arms of their true love or, perhaps, over in Ireland. For what was our imagination given to us except to enable us to wish? Mr. James Stephens once wrote a sketch about an old female tramp who, as she woke from her sleep in a ditch and stretched herself, muttered: "I wisht I had a cup of tay. I wisht to God I had a cup of tay." It seems to me that the old beggar-woman's life was the richer for her longing. There is no better substitute for a cup of tea than an imaginary cup of tea. This is not always true, but it is true as often as not. We can transport ourselves—sometimes—on the magic carpet of a wish into the Paradises for which we long.

Apart from this, the opposite of wishing is despair, and despair has always been the worst possible guide to the future. Wishing at least make us temporarily as happy as a good meal. I spent many hours during my small-boyhood wishing to be a great poet with five thousand pounds a year. The wish came to nothing, but how pleasantly it made the hours go by! The wish dwindled till it became a desire for wisdom and a pound a week of private means. This wish, too, came to nothing, but what of that? Others of my wishes have been fulfilled, and others, I have no doubt, will be fulfilled. As—[illegible] no doubt—will be the [illegible] of the Kentish inn in the sentence: "They've got to hand him over." That wish-sentence seems to me to have the ring and the temper of victory.

Y. Y.

TECHNICIANS

MANY their own technique for living found,
And took the pain out of the hollow hour
With toys and riches, and alcohol that wound
Around the dying heart a warmer flower.

And some by love tried not to be alone,
But found the privacy of marriage strait,
And early the sham bridegroom made his moan
And the wife cried ten pleasures out in hate.

Others in narrow limits played their game
Of selling dear to the poor, endowed
A piling fortune on an envied name,
And lived with the approval of the crowd.

All learned to dull the edge of feeling, filled
Their days by careful reference to their store.
They did not grieve the hunted exile killed
Nor mourn the stranger fallen in a war.

None ever learned to live, and none the eye
Allowed into the farther dark to stare,
Where love was menacing, and like a cry
Wounded the quiet corners of their care.

The glass of pleasure at the smiling lips,
Poured down the sweet persuasion of deceit,
Made wisdom easy, cut it into strips
That formed a pattern adequate and neat.

They tamed the lion of disaster, heard
Only when lying in the lonely bed
The tiger voices, the disturbing word,
That stole their pride and gave it to the dead.

KENNETH GEE

WHY ARE WE AT WAR?

[Jean Giraudoux, the brilliant novelist and playwright, was Minister of Information for France under the Daladier Government. We print below as peculiarly apposite to the present situation, part of a hitherto unpublished address which he delivered last December to the American Club of Paris. —ED. *N. S. & N.*]

Why are we at war? The answer is in a word. What we are fighting for is: simply our life. Our life—whether we mean the life of France, or the life of every Frenchman—has become impossible, things being as they are. I need not tell you what those words "the life of France" stand for. A life of free activity and freedom for men's thoughts. The life of a nation used to sharing, on an equal footing or as a pioneer, in the vast movements and aspirations of Europe and of our age. But also the life of a nation which twenty years ago lost the fifteenth part of her manhood on the battlefield, had two-thirds of her industry destroyed, and now asked nothing more than to devote herself to peaceful work and to healing memories. All that has become impossible. This is the third time in the span of a man's life that France has to face the impact of a Germany each time more crushing, each time stronger, each time more rapacious. Against this state of things we had to find a remedy; the saying "Right triumphs over Might" was out of date, so we replaced it with a new one: "Meet Might with Might." From a state of relative disarmament we reverted to the two-years military service system, factories working for the needs of peace were once again diverted partially to those of war; so much wasted time—but we resigned ourselves to living under these conditions. But that was a minor hardship; what is worse is that we have had to face a Germany grown each time less European, each time less human. Occupying a unique position in the heart of Europe, enabling her to bring her power and influence to bear Eastwards and Westwards, North and South alik

Germany has converted this vantage-point into the lair of a predatory beast. The scientific apparatus and technical achievements in which she has excelled have been employed by her for the basest kind of publicity, the most baneful ends. But this is not all. Worst of all is this: that in each successive phase she shows herself at a yet lower stage of civilisation, yet more depraved. The very air that comes to us from Germany seems corrupted, and the faces that show up across our eastern frontier are not those of men but only those of oppressors or oppressed. All the things that link nations together—the highways, the railroads, the rivers, the wireless waves—have been turned by Germany into channels for propagating lies and confusing issues. All that promotes understanding between nations—imagery and the written and spoken word—all is made use of by Germany to sow the seeds of doubt, perversion and disintegration in her neighbours' minds. She has no longer even that unity, that stubborn fixity of principle, which at least gave her the semblance of being true to herself. For the last twelve months not a word, not a deed of hers, but has been a betrayal, a repudiation—more, an insult launched at all that meant till now an international conscience. It is dinned into our ears—Germany sees to this—that this war is a struggle between the "haves" and "have-nots" among nations. That is untrue. The wealth and power of Germany before 1914 were incomparable; but that was not enough for her. The truth is that the present conflict is one between the stable nations and an unstable nation. France has always had one principle, one programme: to be contented with the existing state of things, and whenever possible to ameliorate it and to adorn it. Sometimes France has been contented with the lot of a nation vanquished in war; as in 1814, and again in 1870. And, remarkably enough, she contrived to make the periods following those defeats the happiest, most constructive, most venturesome epochs of her history. Germany has never been satisfied even with a glorious present. We know her for a temperamentally unstable nation, and we know too that we are the only obstacle to her supremacy on the Continent. We realise that the least sign of faltering or inattention on our part provides her with the opening for which she lies in wait. Thus for five years we have been living in a state of suspense, menace and uncertainty. In a state in which we cannot, and we will not, live. So much for the life of France.

And the life of the individual Frenchman is to-day no better. What sort of man is a Frenchman? He is a man who likes to spend his time, not in the glorification of a race, nor in manifestations of some dark divinity within him, but in the simple ways of daily life that his forefathers have bequeathed him; in a lovely and fruitful land, in places full of dignity, a life based on rational principles and respect for the rights of others. He has his rules of conduct: work, activity, curiosity. He has his pleasures: the joys of family life and the company of friends; his hobbies, such as fishing, games of bowls. And he has his special passions—a passion for the enjoyment of personal freedom (our French "equality" amounts to this) with which he tolerates no interference, and a passion against injustice. Cheerful workshops, fertile farmlands, busy village squares, quiet talks at home and brisk discussions at the café—all these go to make French life. No other mode of living calls to the same extent for the amenities of a smiling countryside, of easy-going towns and cities, of zestful hours of work and spells of leisure—in a word, of peace. And what—by Germany's doing—has French life become? Instead of having peace, we are kept perpetually on the alert. Not only do our young men spend the best years of their lives in barracks, but from the age of 20 to 55 the Frenchman has come to be, to all intents and purposes, a soldier always under arms. Our family life has become one long separation. Thrice already within a single year have our families been dispersed to the four corners of France, wives sent far from husbands, children from their mothers. And why? Because Germany willed it so. Another year of such wanton intimidation, and peasant and worker, if they did not make a stand against it, would have had to accept that life of constant dread, uncertainty and mental anguish which is the German's lot. They will not accept it. They have judged that the Nation is bound up with the individual and his welfare. That is why they have answered the Nation's call. That is why we are at war.

Our War Aims. German propaganda asserts that we do not define our war aims because they are self-seeking, ruthless, and involve the utter destruction of Germany.

Voicing, as I believe, the feelings of the whole French nation, let me tell you this. It is quite true that we intend, when the hour comes for peace, to settle our relations with Germany for good and all. We shall not leave this task solely to the German exiles, great as is our confidence in them and much as we esteem them. For the Germans expelled by Hitler are not the only people exiled from Germany. Everyone is exiled from Germany. All who love music, honest work and learning are exiled from Germany. We who love Goethe and Dürer—we, too, are exiled from Germany. When a nation which centuries of industry, of art and generous emotion, have raised to a certain pitch of moral eminence lets itself sink so low, it is not only itself that it betrays but all who share in that heritage which has no frontiers: the civilised mentality. All who detest bloodshed, who will not bear to see humanity scorned and set at nought, are exiled from Germany. It is for all such men, and especially for us, the French and English—for, as Germany's immediate neighbours, we claim the leading part in this task—to reinstate Germany in her true functions and the power that is rightly hers. I might go further and say that French war aims as regards Germany are the war aims of the Germans themselves. To give Germany her true living space, that is to say, to rid her of her servile soul and restore to each German his truer self; in other words, forbid his being, by act or by omission, an accomplice of evil; and to replace his literature of hatred, lies and pride by the books he read in earlier days: *Mein Kampf* by *Mein Frieden*. A Germany peacefully disposed, whatever her population; a Germany modest, however vast her territory; a Germany human and humane, whether all goes well or times are hard—such is the Germany envisaged by our war aims. We are out to give Germany her liberty by freeing her from the slaves she has annexed—Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland, and the others she is planning to enslave. To restore her hope, by punishing the men, destroying all the institutions, that have led her on to this catastrophe. To give her back her conscience, by forcing her to see with her own eyes, to read in her own books, to hear from her own voice, to what a pass her folly has brought the world. That is the task which we, France and England, have set before us, and are strong enough to carry out, whatever turn events may take; and we shall not stay our hands till it has been performed in full.

COCTEAU AT THE GATE

OUTSIDE the door of the Gate Theatre on Tuesday I bought a paper which announced that the Germans had taken Amiens and Arras—not a good preparation for seeing a play by M. Cocteau. The opening scene, in which I listened to an hysterical woman on a bed raving and whining out of morbid jealousy and fear because her only son (age twenty-two) had stayed out all night, did nothing to mitigate my cold contempt for his probable theme. The audience, too, was suspect and hateful to me; I loathed the sight of jungle-red nails and those little square-shouldered fur-tippets by which fashion emulates the baboon. I gazed at the men and they too seemed incapable of realising anything. Natty and weak or shabby and flabby, one and all they were helpless and good for nothing. In whatever direction I looked I glowed with that contemptuous hate which serves some Communists in place of courage: it is consoling to feel civilisation is worthless when it is in jeopardy.

Like most people I have occasional fits of misanthropy; and they are particularly apt to overtake me when surrounded by people who seem to behave as though they thought themselves the flower of mankind. But it is a barren mood. I usually break it down by reflecting that after all I myself would seem one of those contemptible creatures to an impartial eye, and since . . . Well, you see the argument for greater leniency? But on Tuesday night I did not have recourse to it; I was cured by what was going on upon the stage. I became extremely interested in that, and forgot while the curtain was up, and even during part of each interval, the stale ache of apprehension within me that at first had made the cleverness of M. Cocteau seem so trivial and unattractive.

Les Parents Terribles is a play which is extremely exciting emotionally, and the main situation, though most unusual and one really more suitable to acrid comedy than emotional tragedy, is handled with such psychological insight and with such a hard sense of reality, that the desire to understand the characters completely is perpetually stimulated. That desire awakes a sympathy that embraces at last even Yvonne, the wretched dilapidated egotist of a mother, whose grasping love for her son is a poison to him and to herself. No one more deserved Barrie's laconic sentence, "Better Dead"; yet (this is, I think, the test of the fineness of the play) though her husband and her sister—Léonie at the time, Georges in prospect—are glad that the overdose of insulin Yvonne injected into herself worked, her death is not incre[illegible] inspires pity. If Yvonne had spoilt the [illegible]

made her husband's futile and miserable, her sister's barren of all sweetness, and had taken her own life because she could no longer continue to spoil the life of her beloved son, yet she herself had suffered more than they. We are sorry for her. And her death is terrible, not merely because as it comes near she wants frantically, in spite of everything, to live; not merely because what prompted her to suicide was a sudden vision of her husband, sister, son and Madeleine, her son's future wife, as happy without her; but because the last message that she reads in human eyes is her sister's wish that she should die. Die she does, struggling, held down and screaming "Murderess." Life is merciless to the feeble egotist; that is the moral, the idea, of this bourgeois tragedy; and it is one which purges, too, through terror. It is a wide shot that hits half the world—and then the Yvonnes are often more attaching, more fit in many ways for the finer happiness. than Léonies or Madeleines—but not in this "harsh world."

This analysis will at any rate suggest the impressiveness of Miss Mary Himler's acting in the part of Yvonne. The contrasted character, her sister Léonie, was capably played by Miss Marita Hunt; and Miss Vivienne Bennett, though she did not extract everything there was in the part of Madeleine, gave us the essential. The *milieu* and the dramatic situation in *Les Parents Terribles* are more appropriate, as I said, to sardonic comedy, but the play gains, I think, in value as well as in emotional intensity (as it certainly does) by being given a tragic ply. The *milieu* is a feckless bourgeois household in which the father is a man who plays with an invention and is meant to be a rather boyish man, living in a hobby-dream and letting everything slide. (This aspect of Georges Mr. Henry Oscar failed to convey; he was good, but he never ceased to give the impression of being thoroughly responsible.) The mother lives in an egotist's mother-dream, caring only for cuddling and coddling her grown-up son as though he were a child, which in relation to her he has remained. Only her sister Léonie keeps the home in some sort of order. The mother having centred all her love on Michel (Mr. Cyril Cusack, is excellently natural and spontaneous, but he lacks some of the charm I am sure M. Cocteau intended Michel to possess), her husband has sought affection elsewhere. He has, under another name, been keeping a very sensible young mistress, Madeleine. Michel meets her; they fall in love. He knows she is "kept" by an elderly man, but announces at home that they are resolved to marry. Here is a pretty kettle of fish! At first Léonie persuades Georges to force Madeleine under threat of revealing the truth, to pretend to Michel that she has a third lover and therefore to disgust him. Then Léonie, seeing the desolation of Madeleine and respecting her, persuades Georges to reverse that policy, a change which devastates Michel's mother, who wants at all costs to keep her beloved boy for herself. Act II, when the family as Michel thinks, is calling on Madeleine to arrange his marriage and she has no idea till she is confronted with Georges that Michel is her "protector's" son, is a masterpiece of stage ingenuity—something better perhaps than that for the emotional relations of the triangle father, mistress, son are subtle and true. The last act is, as I have endeavoured to suggest, genuinely tragic.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PICTURES AT HERTFORD HOUSE

HAVING been for many years mildly notorious for criticism, both enthusiastic and indiscriminate, I was the right person surely to be asked to give an opinion on this very extraordinary exhibition of pictures and sculpture at the galleries of Hertford House.

Strange indeed for, after paying a shilling (surely an unnecessary demand on an already shy public), you mount the desolate stairs and fall headlong into a little confusion of Art, so naively confused in fact, that you wonder, at the end of your inspection (and not perhaps for the first time) what Art may be!

The origin of this collection is that the British Council decided to send, for the 1940 "Biennale de Venezia," a representative collection of six painters, some black and white artists and one sculptor. The painters included were Mr. Duncan Grant, Miss Frances Hodgkins, the late Mr. Glyn Philpot, Mr. Munnings and Mr. Wadsworth—the sculptor Mr. Frank Dobson.

What the Venetian aesthetic public would have thought of British painting after seeing this strange company, I have no idea. The point is—what do *I* think? And without any shame or false modesty, I ask this question—I am not an Art Critic, I am the man in Wigmore Street who is interested in painting. Is there anything of general interest that can come from my visit to this exhibition?

I think there is. What the professional Art Critic is seldom concerned about is—how does the untechnical lover of painting respond to modern painting? Is he honest in his likes and dislikes, or is he a snob? Does he buy, *if* he buys, because he wants to make a later profit, or because he wants to show his friends (who never, of course, care in the least) that he has taste, or does he really love the pictures that he chooses and does he look at them, whether in galleries or private rooms, because they add to his happiness and give him an enlarged sense of the beauty, pathos of life?

These questions may be all too solemn and priggish—nevertheless, they are important, especially just now when English painting is showing a wonderful reflowering of talent and attainment.

So I, looking at the pictures of Munnings and Frances Hodgkins, was able honestly to make an answer.

I have always disliked the paintings of Mr. Munnings. I have not always liked the paintings of Frances Hodgkins. My discovery of her is quite recent. I had long thought her a rather ordinary painter with a charming sense of colour. Then, some two years ago, I saw a gouache by her in a general exhibition somewhere, and I could not get out of my head, a bird, a flow of pale green water and a silver streak of sunlight contained in that picture. Then a month or so ago, I visited an exhibition of her gouaches at the Lefevre Galleries. I returned to that exhibition again and again. I thought that these were lovely pictures.

About Mr. Munnings I had never known anything except that I didn't like his pictures, although all his horses were, I was told, anatomically excellent. Now, however, seeing Mr. Munnings and Miss Hodgkins cheek by jowl (if that expression is not indelicate) I am blinded by a kind of revelation. I do not like Mr. Munnings' pictures because they seem to me altogether false to life as I know it. (I can speak only for my *own* experience of course.) And I *do* like Miss Hodgkins because not only does she seem to me *true* to life, but she enriches my experience of it. Through her painting life becomes to me a more entrancing thing in its physical and spiritual view than it was before. Why is Mr. Munnings for me *not* true to life? Because for one thing I do not believe that the physical world is always in a state of glitter, with fragments of quartz and crimson and blue stuck in patches on to thin substances. Because also his animals and figures are static. However fast the legs of his horses are moving, the *souls* of his horses never move at all. But there is more than that. I read in a paper that someone was glad that the paintings of Miss Hodgkins and Duncan Grant had not gone to Venice because they were only "half-finished." But it is surely the pictures of Mr. Munnings that are "half-finished," because they stop where they are. Like photographs they carry you nowhere, whereas paintings like *Fish and Shells* and *The Circular Barn* carry you forward with them into all lovely places, beautiful memories and half-believed-in fantastic hopes.

I am not attacking or even criticising Mr. Munnings. I am only saying that his pictures are not for me real enough to enlarge my vision of life. He is therefore for me a bad painter.

And so, from this point of need in me, what of the other painters in this exhibition?

Glyn Philpot was one of the finest human beings I have ever known—noble, generous-hearted, courageous, and most modest. Too modest perhaps, for, as a painter, he was never sure of himself and was for ever trying to discover his *real* style, which meant, of course, that he hadn't a style. There are many beauties in his pictures. The *Head of a Negro* is truly fine, but for the most part his paintings are always a little false. Look at his *Resting Acrobats*. It is not only that we immediately think of Picasso's acrobats, so quiet, so patient, and so deeply moving, but that even without these associations, we ask ourselves whether any acrobats anywhere had any right to gaze at us with so piteous and melodramatic an aspect of over-strain and misery. So, too, with his portrait of *Master John Mathias*. I have no doubt at all that Master John was a very handsome young man but—as handsome as that?

Edward Wadsworth's Tempera are fine and cold. If you want cranks and chains meticulously painted here you have them. This is a fine and courageous art, but not for me a lovable one. As I look I shiver a little and think of those dreadful days long ago when, try as I might, I could not solve the simplest of Euclid's problems. And lastly, to comfort me and do for me in their own way what Miss Hodgkins's art does for me, are the paintings of Duncan Grant.

It is sometimes said of him that he does "not move on" as though he were a kind of Poor Jo who ought always to be exercising his broom on new crossings. I for one do not want him to move on at all. I am quite contented that he should stay for ever where he is occupying his unique and beautiful place. He always seems to me a painter who paints as he breathes. He must never, I think, be too ambitious.

When he tries something very large he breaks into pieces. His lovely sense of colour and design, his living but almost ghostly figures, as here in *The Dancers*, the beautiful *Interior* (135), and exquisite *Snow Scene* delight me. In such things there are reality and enlargement of life enough. I am quite satisfied.

Also in this exhibition are fine sculptures by Frank Dobson and some very brilliant wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker, Robert Gibbings, C. R. Tunnicliffe and others. HUGH WALPOLE

TCHAIKOVSKY

THIS year is the centenary of Tchaikovsky's birth. He was born on April 25th, 1840, his father at the time being inspector of mines at Kamsko-Votinsk in the Government of Viatka. There have already been several celebrations of this centenary, the latest being held under the auspices of the Society for Cultural Relations with Russia at the Queen's Hall on May 9th when Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducted a programme consisting of the *Romeo and Juliet* Overture, the Symphony in E minor, No. 5, and the First Pianoforte Concerto, the soloist being Cyril Smith.

A centenary offers a convenient opportunity for taking stock of a composer's position in the world of music. Tchaikovsky has always been a popular composer, and although the period of his first great popularity passed some thirty years ago, his music has always drawn the public and continues to draw it. Such a sustained popularity, especially when it follows an initial hostility, is a proof of a remarkable vitality in the music, but I think most musicians will agree that Tchaikovsky is a great deal more than a popular composer. He has never had the suffrage of some academic and snobbish circles; for example, his position among the intelligentsia has always been lower than that of Brahms. This, in my opinion, is quite unjustified. It is certainly true that Brahms on the whole had better taste and maintained his compositions at a more even level than Tchaikovsky. Many people would also consider his craftsmanship to be superior. On the other hand, one might claim that Tchaikovsky had genius while Brahms had only a very great talent. There is in Tchaikovsky's music at its best a spontaneity and a flow of inspiration which Brahms rarely possesses. One never feels in Tchaikovsky's best works, as one does often in Brahms' even at his best, a lack of continuity, a shortness of breath. Brahms disguises this defect by clever workmanship.

But it would be wrong to suggest that Tchaikovsky was lacking in craftsmanship. Quite the contrary. He had a genius for orchestration, and his symphonies are full of technical beauties. Further, one must take into account the unusual range of Tchaikovsky's activities. Apart from his symphonies and other orchestral works, he was a successful song-writer and wrote a quantity of chamber music, although he did not excel in both these departments as he did in others. As a composer of ballet music, he must be put in the first class. I would maintain that there is no ballet music in existence equal to Tchaikovsky's at his best. In melodic invention, in instrumental colour, and in poignancy of expression and dramatic appropriateness, such a ballet as *The Swan Lake* is without a rival.

Unfortunately, Tchaikovsky is almost unknown in this country as an opera composer. Not a single opera of his has ever been performed at Covent Garden to my knowledge. Some years ago, Sadler's Wells produced his opera *Eugene Onegin*, and it was a revelation to music-lovers in this country. The operatic form suited Tchaikovsky's genius as it did Mozart's, different as they are in other respects, and it is impossible to estimate him correctly as a composer without taking into account his operatic works. He began his operatic career very early with the *Voyevod* (A Dream on the Volga) which was completed in the year 1868 when he was 28 years of age. The libretto was a condensation into three acts of a play by Ostrovsky in five acts. It is interesting to note that in this early work Tchaikovsky cut out all the scenes in Ostrovsky's play which dealt with Russian national life and concentrated entirely upon the story. This is one reason why this opera has not been successful. A year later, he completed between January and July the opera *Undine*. Most of the score of this opera was destroyed by the composer in 1873, but a wedding-march was used to form the Andantino of his Second Symphony, and an Adagio in *Swan Lake* was originally a love-duet in *Undine*. It is notable that contemporary criticism speaks of "the careful and delicate orchestration" and "picturesque suggestions of the fantastic realms of the water-sprites."

"A Chorus of Insects" is all that remains of an opera entitled *Mandragora*, but the first really successful opera Tchaikovsky completed was *The Oprichnik* in the year 1872. This opera deals with Ivan the Terrible and the opera was mutilated by the censor. Both this and a later opera, *Vakoua the Smith*, composed in 1874, and revised in 1885, are distinctly more national in character, but after the composition of *Eugene Onegin*, completed in 1879, the text being arranged chiefly by Tchaikovsky himself from Poushkin, Tchaikovsky turned to a foreign subject, and composed *The Maid of Orleans*, based chiefly on Schiller's play. Between 1881 and 1884, he completed *Mazeppa*, an opera in three acts and six scenes. This was followed by *The Enchantress*, an opera in four acts which was produced at the Maryinsky Theatre, St. Petersburg, in 1887. In 1890, he produced *Pique Dame*; this is considered by some to be his masterpiece. It was also his last full opera, and was followed only by *Iolanthe*, a lyrical opera in one act founded on a play by a Danish poet.

The mere enumeration of these operas is enough to give one an idea of the prolific character of Tchaikovsky's genius. It is interesting also to note that Tchaikovsky completely escaped from the overpowering influence of his contemporary, Wagner. In a letter to Natalie von Meck, dated May 17th, 1879, he writes:

> What chiefly interests me in *Lohengrin* at present is the orchestration. In view of the work which lies before me, I want to study this score very closely, and decide whether to adopt some of his methods of instrumentation. His mastery is extraordinary, but for reasons which would necessitate technical explanations, I have not borrowed anything from him. Wagner's orchestration is too symphonic, too overloaded and heavy for vocal music. The older I grow, the more convinced I am that symphony and opera are in every respect at the opposite poles of music. Therefore, the study of *Lohengrin* will not lead me to change my style, although it has been interesting and of negative value.

It has long been my opinion that Wagner was a blind alley in the development of opera, and it has taken about half a century for musicians to retrace their steps and consider the problem of the operatic form anew. In the meantime, composers might profitably study the scores of Tchaikovsky's operas, because although he did not explore any new paths, he had an extraordinarily sound instinct for what was operatic and, indeed, he showed the same freedom in his treatment of the Italian operatic forms as he did in his treatment of the classical German symphonic form. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The London Ballet at the Arts Theatre Club

The return of the London Ballet to the Arts Theatre, and in particular the beautiful performance of Anthony Tudor's *Jardin aux Lilas*, evoked a quite unusual ovation, showing that even an audience very indulgent of mediocrity both in chorography and dancing can still respond fervently to a higher standard in both. The *première* of a ballet is only interesting if the ballet is good, and one cannot believe that the hastily conceived and poorly danced new ballets with which the Arts Theatre Club has lately regaled its members do any service to the art of dancing. Perhaps it was some such feeling which led it to postpone so frequently the production of Keith Lester's new chorography to Stanley Bate's admirable "Perseus" music, till Fate procured a final postponement by maliciously injuring Harold Turner's foot. Beside the already familiar *Descent of Hebe* and *Jardin aux Lilas*, both of which are chorographically interesting, though the former is not wholly successful, the London Ballet produced a new and quite unpretentious *ballettino* by Charlotte Bidmead to Purcell's lovely "Golden" Sonata, called *Love-in-Idleness*. It was charmingly composed and very well danced. The London Ballet, under Peggy van Praagh and Diana Gould, evidently works very hard, and the standard of dancing is high.

"Present Arms," at the Prince of Wales

Mr. Billy Bennett has a part in this new musical comedy, and that in itself endears it. Who would not welcome the spectacle of Mr. Bennett in sky-blue tweeds and red tie, in flannels and blazer and a bowler hat? The bowler, in fact, never leaves him, even in bed, until he plumply assumes battle-dress. It is delightful to watch him drunkenly exploring the bedroom furniture, exchanging sweets with the sergeant of his platoon during a stand-easy. The scene, whether in France or England, comes closer the moment he walks on. But he should never have left the music-hall. All he needs is a narrow strip of stage, a billowing backcloth and an audience he can shout into. During solo moments in *Present Arms* he has the chance of reverting to ballads and dramatic recitations; and a greasy, much-folded newspaper yields the secrets of its personal column—"Socialist gentleman with own knife and fork would like to meet Socialist gentleman with own steak-and-kidney pudding." Besides Mr. Bennett, there are Miss Phyllis Monkman, Mr. George Gee and Mr. Wylie Watson, who entertain us expertly by being a good deal better than their material. Miss Evelyn Dall and Mr. Max Wall make a good pair of lovers and cut some new patterns in tit-for-tat cockeyed comedy. The chorus are easy on the eye. Altogether, *Present Arms* is a haphazard, entertaining show, with the *entente-cordiale* flavour not yet too strong.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, May 25th—
"Between Two Wars, 1918–1939," Exhibition of work by British and Foreign Painters and Sculptors, Marx House. Till June 8th.
G. D. H. Cole: "The Economic Future," Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute, 8. Reserved seats 1s. and 6d.

SUNDAY, May 26th—
Dr. H. Mannheim: "The Nazi Penal System," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, May 27th—
J. L. Martin: "Architecture and the Constructive Idea," Morley College, 7.30.
A. Creech Jones: "A New Colonial Policy," 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2., 7.45.
D. N. Pritt: "Where Labour Is Going," Friends House, Heath Street, 8.

TUESDAY, May 28th—
R. B. Williams-Thompson: "Social Services in Scandinavia," Housing Centre, 1.
Prof. Paul Vaucher: "France at War," Canterbury Hall, Cartwright Gardens, W.C.1., 5.
Dr. Karl Mannheim: "Modern Social Structure," I.S.T.D., 8 Portman Street, 6.30. And June 4, 11 and 18.
"Portrait of Helen," Torch.
"The Peaceful Inn," Duke of York's.

WEDNESDAY, May 29th—
Miss S. Clement Brown: "Children in Foster Homes—Studies in Evacuation," Canterbury Hall, 5.
Major-Gen. H. Rowan-Robinson: "The Strategical Importance of the Middle East," National Portrait Gallery, 5.30.
Dr. Ruth Schultze: "World Affairs—the Near East," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.
"The Tempest," Old Vic.

THURSDAY, May 30th—
Concert by London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Fausto Magnani, Queen's Hall, 8.
"Ghosts," Duchess.

Correspondence

BOURNEMOUTH CONFERENCE

SIR,—I read in your issue of the 18th inst., in a description of the discussion at the Bournemouth Labour Party Conference of my expulsion from the Party, the statement that Mr. Noel Baker challenged me to deny that from November 30th to the publication of my book (*Must the War Spread?*) I had not attended the Executives of either the Labour Party or the Parliamentary Labour Party.

I am not sure that Mr. Noel Baker did make a challenge in those terms; but the facts, at any rate, are clear. It would be quite untrue to say that I had not attended the Executive of the Labour Party during that period; for I did do so. It would be quite natural, however, that I should not attend the Executive of the Parliamentary Labour Party, for I was not a member of that Executive.

The more substantial complaint, that I had not consulted my colleagues before publishing the book, may best be answered by stating that, several weeks before *Must the War Spread?* was published, a chapter of it, containing the arguments with which my colleagues later most strongly disagreed, was printed in advance in a second edition of *Light on Moscow*, and was expressly brought to the attention of the National Executive Committee. There was then ample time for representations to be made to me before *Must the War Spread?* was published, but it did not occur to any of my colleagues to communicate with me on the matter in any way until several weeks afterwards. D. N. PRITT

2 Pump Court,
Temple, E.C.4.

SIR,—Your very useful concentrated account of the Labour Party Conference in this week's THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION contains a miscalculation that I hope you won't mind me pointing out. You mention "170 constituency delegates" as having voted against participation in the Government on Monday—assuming, presumably, that the entire opposition vote of 170,000 was a constituency party vote. It happens that I inquired about this, and though I couldn't get sufficiently firm information, in a short enough time, to use it myself (the tellers did not note the individual votes) I did find clearly that a number of small trade union votes went against the Executive. One of these was as big as 20,000—presumably the Shop Assistants. I believe the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen also voted against; it's a fair bet that Alexander Gossip (Furnishing Trades) did the same. So far as I could find out, the constituency party section of the "No" vote amounted to a little over 100,000, or about a quarter of the total constituency party vote. The calculation is not without importance.

The majority of constituency parties for participation in the Government is evidently very strong; and as the trade union method of delegation tends to overweight a majority, there is probably not much to choose between the two sides of the Labour movement on this point at the moment. I suppose the fact is that no power on earth can prevent Chelsea D.L.P. getting its say and its vote, while there are plenty of powers to prevent dissident small branches of a trade union getting theirs. JOHN MIDGLEY

[Our Labour Correspondent writes: I am grateful for Mr. Midgley's correction. From my seat I could see no card with more than 3 on it held up against the resolution, and I was puzzled about the composition of the 170,000. It is a pity that tellers do not keep an accurate "break-up" of the voting figures. This might waste Conference time but would be a record of considerable historical importance.—EDITOR, *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—As the sparrow from Chelsea whose twitter at Bournemouth seems to have annoyed so many socialists and progressives, perhaps I might here restate the case in question, which has the merits of appearing to be the case advocated by the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and of also appearing to the best way out of our present very great difficulties.

It is this: The urgent necessity at the moment is the formation of a Socialist Government with a mandate to put into force all the Socialist measures necessary to mobilise the economic effort of the nation such a Government could include Conservatives of progressive views, prepared to accept the necessary Socialism. "What is needed is a national coalition centred round the Opposition and including those Conservatives who are prepared to accept the necessity of a war socialism," are the words in which the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION expressed its views on the subject, and, provided that "war Socialism" does not really mean "war *Fascism*," I am in agreement.

The advantages of having in power a Government prepared to initiate and carry out a Socialist policy are chiefly these: (1) The fact that such a Government was ruling Great Britain would cut out one of the chief reasons why the German people are so solidly behind Hitler at the moment: the strong conviction that in fighting Great Britain they are fighting a Crusade against an effete and degenerate Plutocracy which seeks to crush Germany, as a rising young country challenging Great Britain's economic domination.

With a Socialist Government in power here, the German people would clearly realise that they need not fight to the last ditch to avoid a crushing and onerous peace. Moreover, a Socialist Government would consent to a peace which secured the safety of the people of this country without having to consider securing financial interests in other parts of the world: a non-Socialist Government would, of necessity, have to fight on until it could impose such a peace as would ensure the survival of the existing very top-heavy Finance-Capital system. It seems therefore not unfair to say that a Socialist Government means an earlier peace.

(2) Socialism would ensure greater economic efficiency. War capitalism has been tried out in the last eight months and has landed us in disastrous chaos. If the muddles, and worse, of these months were exposed instead of being hushed up, the people would be ready enough to accept Socialism.

(3) Only under a Socialist policy can war sacrifices be imposed with any real justice: you cannot require men to give up their lives under a conscription system, and make workers give up their Trade Union rights and liberties, without profound injustice, as long as things like unearned income remain. The crisis which justifies military conscription and industrial regimentation, must also require the abrogation of all vested interests.

(4) A Socialist policy would unite the majority of the nation in a way that nothing else would do, because it would convince the many doubters that

TURKISH
CIGARETTES
*
Abdulla
the best
at any price
*
10 for 8½d
and upwards

this was not only a war to stop Hitler but was also a war to make possible a really better world: as long as Socialism is kept in cold storage for use in the vague future, so long will very many people regard this war as a repetition of the last war, that is, a war against the Boche and their dictatorial leader, which, after a costly victory, can only result in the same old England of class and privilege in control, with the substitution of Federal Union for the League of Nations to disguise the same old game of Power Politics, leading to the inevitable further war. After all, the speeches of many leading people have the same old 1914-1918 ring to them: "For Liberty, for Democracy, for the light against the things of evil, etc."

Finally, it is said that one should not swop horses when crossing a stream: but if one's horse is drowning under one, it is vital to swop horses at once before one drowns as well.

Our present horse, Capitalism, is now decrepit and is drowning with us on its back: let us swop to that strong horse "Socialism" before it is too late.

P. R. D. SHUFELDT

97 Sloane Street,
Chelsea.

"DAILY WORKER"

SIR,—So John Strachey has at last discovered an example of "apologetics for German Imperialism" in our columns. What a pity he did not complete the quotation. Your readers would then have discovered that after quoting the views of certain Dutch journalists that our diplomatic correspondent then made the following comment:

> The German Government has flatly denied the whole spate of stories. Naturally, nobody supposes that, as between one blatant liar and another, there is anything much to choose between the German Government and the British Government.

To call the German Government a "blatant liar" is certainly a rather odd form of apologetics. Mr. Strachey should try again.

Just a word about the doubts of Mr. Thomas, of Ammanford, who does not believe in the policy of working-class struggle against the warmongers of all countries. Perhaps we can convince him with a quotation from Mr. Strachey's well-known book, *The Coming Struggle for Power*, where the author, after discussing the decadence of the British ruling class as revealed during the last war, writes:

> They hung up the bodies of whole army corps—of a whole generation—of their fellow-countrymen to rot on the German wire. In some respects, Britain has never yet recovered from the effects of that slaughter. How can there be any hope that she would survive the infinitely greater carnage towards which her imperialists are infallibly leading her? There is only one thing which can possibly save her; there exists only one force which can draw her back from the abyss into which she seems foredoomed to plunge. And that is the organised force of her workers, awakened to the necessity of overthrowing once and for all the rule of the capitalist class and taking power into their own hands.

This, by the way, is the kind of stuff that Sir John Anderson strongly dislikes.

"Daily Worker," Cayton Street, E.C.1. WILLIAM RUST, Editorial Board

MR. DUFF COOPER

SIR,—May I appeal to you to reconsider your hostile attitude to the new Minister of Information? It makes THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION a bedfellow of *Truth* and *Tribune*—as strange a trio as ever shared the bumpy mattress of prejudice. This apart, Mr. Duff Cooper surely deserves more credit for intellectual quality and personal courage than in your current issue you see fit to give him. You say that he "knows something of journalism." This is hardly fair to a writer of sensibility and knowledge, whose work in history and biography is evidence of a mind better suited to control national propaganda than that of the most efficient journalist. Of his resignation from the Chamberlain government you say not a word; yet by his resignation and by his consistent attitude thereafter he risked his whole political career for a cause which you have always supported—our cause against Germany.

Against these two claims to the respect of men of good will, you set Mr. Duff Cooper's lectures in America. Opinions differ as to the wisdom or unwisdom of these lectures and quotations from American newspapers will hardly settle the matter one way or the other. On the one hand, irresponsible criticism is negligible; on the other, quotations in a directly opposite sense are not unobtainable.

I note with pleasure that you end your comments on Mr. Duff Cooper with a word of approval, though rather a grudging one. May I not beg you to approve more warmly? It is not fitting that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should sing in harmony with those who cannot forgive the most forthright opponent of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy.

MICHAEL SADLEIR

[We said last week that in spite of Mr. Duff Cooper's unfortunate lecture tour, he might well, in the quite new circumstances of national unity, make a good Minister of Information. Events in the last week have made the lecture tour irrelevant; other factors are influencing American opinion. Critic this week pays a deserved tribute to his recent broadcasts.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

C.O.'S AS TEACHERS

SIR,—The Isle of Ely Education Committee has decided to dispense with the services of all School Teachers who have been registered as Conscientious Objectors.

It is noble of the Education Committee to appoint itself as supreme judge, and we feel it should earn our respect and admiration, yet there are reasons why we are not wholly convinced that the committee qualifies for such a position.

In appointing teachers to the Elementary Schools, the Education Committee selects men whom they think competent and suitable to influence the minds and actions of children in their charge; yet when these same men have occasion to defend their own convictions (and their sincerity is such that it gains them the support of the tribunals), the Isle of Ely Education Committee decides to dispense with their services. It would appear that the Education Committee has little real confidence in the sincerity of its employees.

We are fighting, we are told, to defend our Democracy—yet is this action by the Education Committee a purely democratic one? We are fighting also, we are told, to maintain freedom of thought—yet does this action by the Education Committee show entire respect for freedom of the individual? We wonder if our Education Committee has given full weight to the possibility that these conscientious objectors have spoken and acted from their convictions, and not as escapists.

Isle of Ely. SCHOOLMISTRESS

NEPOTISM AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

SIR,—Please allow me to bear witness to the truth of your article under the above heading.

In April, 1939, I enrolled on the Central Register for Voluntary National Service. In March, 1940, I was notified by the Ministry of Labour that an Advisory Council had selected me as a suitable candidate for a vacancy in a Government Department engaged in Defence Work.

The Ministry of Labour advised me to consult my employers. My employers were not at first prepared to release me, but when they realised that the Government Department wanted someone to undertake, nationally, work I was doing locally, they reluctantly agreed to grant me leave of absence if I was accepted for National Service.

Armed with my employer's support I attended the Government Department concerned. I was duly interviewed by a number of permanent civil servants. Within a few minutes they indicated that I was entirely unsuited for the work they had in mind. One of the interviewing officials expressed his ignorance of how I had come to be present. Another candidate assured me it was the second time he had been treated in like manner.

The official intimation followed by post "in due course" and I was left with the task of explaining to my employers that perhaps they could still usefully employ me. In April, 1940, the Ministry again notified me of a similar vacancy in another government department for work of even greater importance for purposes of Defence. This time my employers informed me that they could not spare me for the one day necessary to attend what might turn out to be another futile interview.

A DESPISED AND DISHEARTENED VOLUNTEER

What doctors say about *Nerves*

"Civilisation," says the doctor of to-day, "is responsible for many bodily disorders for which, in some cases, medical science finds it hard to suggest a remedy. Luckily this is not the case with one of the most typical disorders of this modern age—nervous exhaustion. Here we know definitely that sufferers lack two essential elements—organic phosphorus and protein—and that the administration of these elements *in chemical combination* is sure to put matters right again."

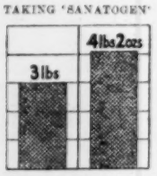
This is the whole secret of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. It consists only of these two elements. It has no "filling" or "bulking" constituent. Moreover, in 'Sanatogen' alone can you find these two constituents *chemically combined*. That is why 'Sanatogen' is so readily absorbed into the system; why it so quickly revitalises exhausted nerves and builds up rich red blood; why it so surely gives you new energy, new vigour and increased resistance to illness.

Remember, too, that 'Sanatogen' is a *food*, not a mere pick-me-up. The good it does is permanent. Invalids, old people, children and even diabetics can take it easily and with great benefit.

Now you will understand why 26,721 Doctors have written in praise of 'Sanatogen'; why a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons, during the 1914-18 war, that 'Sanatogen' is "*a national necessity for preserving good nerves*"; why you and your family should start a course to-day.

PROOF. How 'Sanatogen' builds bodies.

A writer in *The Practitioner* reports: "I weighed, weekly, eleven children convalescent from scarlet fever to whom 'Sanatogen' was given, and fourteen other convalescent children of about the same ages, in as nearly as possible the same conditions. I found that the average gain in weight of the children getting 'Sanatogen' was, in five weeks, 4 lbs. 2 ozs., and of those not getting 'Sanatogen' was just under 3 lbs." *A striking proof of the body-building power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.*



'SANATOGEN'
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

Six full-length novels within a single cover

Mazo de la Roche's

WHITEOAK CHRONICLES

Who are the Whiteoaks? At the beginning of the eighteen-fifties, Captain Philip Whiteoak of the British Army came from India with his young wife Adeline to settle at Jalna on the fertile southern shore of Lake Ontario. More than seventy years later, Adeline was still reigning there over her children and grandchildren; and these six novels, here presented in one volume, deal chiefly with the fortunes of the latter generation, though the personalities and influence of their elders play an important part in their story.

Whiteoak Chronicles is 1408 pages long, but is light to hold, and is beautifully and clearly printed. It well deserves a place among the few and best-loved books which every man, no matter how difficult the times, likes to keep near him. 1408 *pages* · 8/6

The Daily Mail Book of the Month

Storm Jameson's

EUROPE TO LET

The Times Literary Supplement writes of this, their First Fiction Choice :—'What is one to say of a book filled with passion so intense as to leave the reader a little stupefied? *Europe to Let* is the story of the terrors of the pit the nations of Europe have dug, an evocation in the shadow play of individual destinies of the darkness that gathered over Europe in the years between Germany's defeat and Hitler's swelling triumph. It seems scarcely possible to analyse in cold blood something written in so much anger, love, shame and pity.

In some ways this is the most striking book the author has written, pregnant in expression and taut with the poetic awareness of sensibilities naked to the nerve. Stylistically, indeed, the novel is a very remarkable achievement.' 7/6

MACMILLAN

NEW BATSFORD BOOKS

BRITISH HILLS AND MOUNTAINS

by J. H. B. BELL, E. F. BOZMAN & J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

In this latest "Heritage" volume the Upland scenery of Scotland, Wales and England has been brought together for the first time. There are over 150 fine illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth. **8s. 6d. net.**

ENGLISH FOLKLORE by CHRISTINA HOLE.

A scholarly and orderly resumé of the most important Folklore of England, illustrated from contemporary prints and photographs. Demy 8vo. Cloth. **10s. 6d. net.**

BATSFORD'S "HOME FRONT" HANDBOOKS

4 TITLES, WELL ILLUSTRATED, each volume containing 96 pages of text, 30 illustrations, stoutly bound in cloth. A series designed to meet the needs of war-time circumstances. Demy 12mo. Cloth.

HOW TO GROW FOOD
HOW TO SEE THE COUNTRY
HOW TO SEE NATURE
HOW TO LOOK AT OLD BUILDINGS

3s. 6d. NET EACH.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE

by HUGH BRAUN. (Author of the "English Castle.") A concise survey of the Architecture of the Smaller Manor and Farm House from Saxon Times onwards, illustrated with upwards of 100 fine photographs and drawings. Large Demy 8vo. Cloth. **10s. 6d. net.**

PARIS FRANCE by GERTRUDE STEIN.

A personal tribute to French culture as well as a vivid account of the first months of war in France and the sense of unity between England and France. With illustrations by Picasso, Gris, etc. Demy 8vo. Cloth. **7s. 6d. net.**

BATSFORD'S "101 THINGS TO DO" SERIES

6 TITLES, WELL ILLUSTRATED. A series of practical volumes, each containing on an average over 200 pages of text and upwards of 150 illustrations, of particular use in war time, when it is increasingly essential to be more self-reliant. Crown 8vo. Cloth.

101 THINGS TO DO IN WAR TIME
101 THINGS FOR THE HANDYMAN TO DO
101 THINGS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE TO DO
101 THINGS FOR THE BOY TO MAKE
101 THINGS FOR GIRLS TO DO
101 THINGS FOR LITTLE FOLKS TO DO

5s. NET EACH.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSHOPS OR FROM

B. T. BATSFORD, LTD., PUBLISHERS,
15, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1.

SEND FOR SPRING LIST.

Current Literature

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

THE world would be poor without the antics of clergymen. The Dean, for example, wished he was a horse. A very Anglo-Irish wish which a solid Englishwoman very properly came down on. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was one of the few hostile critics of *Gulliver* :*

> Great eloquence have (the authors) employed to prove themselves beasts and show such a veneration for horses, that, since the Essex Quaker, nobody has appeared so passionately devoted to that species ; and to say truth they talk of a stable with so much warmth and affection I cannot help suspecting some very powerful motive at the bottom of it.

It was odd indeed that a man as clean as the Dean was should find solace among the mangers ; and perhaps there is a stable tip for psycho-analysts here. The function which he loathed in Celia, and could never stop mentioning, had become unnoticeable at last. Shades of the Freudian Cloacina imprison the growing boy, but is all that guilt charmed away when, pail and shovel in hand, we make our first, early hopeful acquaintance with the fragrant Houyhnhnms ?

Dr. Johnson was also hostile. Gulliver was written " in defiance of truth and regularity." Yet the Dean and the Doctor had much in common. They were both sensible men in a century devoted to the unreason of Reason. What annoyed the Doctor enchanted the public ; the madness of *Gulliver*. Very irregular but very perceptive. We suspect now that Augustan prose was a madman's mask and we know that the Age of Reason was also the age of witchcraft, haunted corruption and the first Gothic folly. History has confirmed Dr. Johnson's judgment first by numbing the satire—for who can be bothered to look up the digs at Walpole, Newton and the rest ?—and by giving the book a totally different immortality. It is not an accident that *Gulliver* has become a child's book ; only a child could be so destructive and so cruel. Only a child has the animal's eye ; only a child, or the mad clergymen, can manage that unhuman process of dissociation which is perhaps the beginning of all satire from Aristophanes onwards ; only children or the mad have that monstrous infantile egotism which assumes, as the Dean did, that everything outside his ego is meaningless and that, like children, we run the world on unenlightened self-interest like a wagon load of monkeys. What a relief it is that the Dean's style is as lucid and plain as common water ! It runs like water off a duck's back. If the book had been written in the coloured prose of the Bible, pulsating with the prophetic rhythms of the Jews, *Gulliver* might have caused a revolution—there is some very revolutionary stuff in Lilliput—but a moderate church Tory like the Dean had no intention of doing that. He was satisfied—and it must have been a great satisfaction—to remind a Queen, in the rational century, that under her petticoat she was a Yahoo. And quite savagely satisfying to know she liked the idea. In this she was a sensible woman ; she had, like the rest of us, been charmed back to the minute and monstrous remembrances of childhood, she had been captivated by the plain, good and homely figure of Gulliver himself. She noted the topical bits, but when the Dean waded into his generalities about human nature, her eyes no doubt wandered off that almost too matter-of-fact page and examined her finger nails.

There was a part of *Gulliver* which nobody liked or which most people thought inferior. Laputa missed the mark. Why ? It was topical enough. The skit on science was a good shot at the young Royal Society and the wave of projects which obsessed the English. The highbrow is always fair game. Visually and satirically Laputa is a most delightful episode. Crystalline the island floats in the air, rising and falling to the whim of its ruler ; and its absent-minded philosophers, only tickled into awareness by a fly whisk, have the serenity of a day dream. Here is the unearthly paradise, an hydraulic and attainable heaven. The philosophers were fools and the scientists, with their attempts to get sunshine out of cucumbers, cloth from spiders, food from dirt and panic from astronomy, were comedians. The knowledge machine was grotesque. What was the matter with Newton's contemporaries that they did not enjoy all this ? The Age of Reason preferred the infantile, the animal and irrational in *Gulliver* ; it rejected the satire on knowledge.

The Augustans had not had enough of science, one supposes, to think it worth satirising. The Dean was before his time ; and the world would have to wait a hundred and fifty years for *Bouvard and Pécuchet* to continue the unpopular game. (The origins of *Bouvard* and *Gulliver* are, incidentally, very similar and both Flaubert and Swift spent ten years on and off writing the books). Among ourselves, we have only Aldous Huxley's crib of Laputa, in *Brave New World*. We are intimidated by science still. Yet Laputa is the only part of *Gulliver* which has not been eclipsed by subsequent writing. Voltaire, Wells, Verne—to take names at random—have all taken the freshness off Swift's idea ; and what the Utopists have left has been outrun by science. The sinister functionalism of the termites, the pedestrian mysticism of the bee, the ribald melodramas of the aquarium and the Grand Guignol of the insect house, have all surpassed human life and literature as material for the political satirist. But the mortal wound to nineteenth century scientific civilisation has been given by the science of anthropology ; and it will be a remarkable imagination that can compete with what is printed in the *Daily Express*. Such things have put the date on Lilliput. Laputa is untouched. It remains among us, miraculously contemporary.

It is the surrealist island ; at least, Lilliput is to Laputa what *Alice in Wonderland* is to surrealism. The intellectual, the sportively clinical and sinister, succeed to the human and extraordinary. One cannot love Laputa as one loves Lilliput, but one recognises Laputa. It is the clinic we have come to live in. It is the world of irresponsible speculation and irresponsible science which have prepared the way for the present war. We enter at once into our inhumanity, into that magical laboratory which is really a butcher's shop. What science does not dissect, it blows to pieces. The Dean, safe at the beginning of the period, could not foresee this, though he notes that to crush rebellion the King would let the island down bodily on the rebellious inhabitants.

In Laputa we are at once in the world of the post-impressionist painters. The rhomboid joints, the triangular legs of mutton came out of Wyndham Lewis—has he illustrated Laputa ? —those mathematicians take us at once to our Bertrand Russell ; and among the astronomers, with their weakness for " judicial astrology," does one not detect the philosophical speculations of Jeans and Eddington ? Pure thought, moreover, led to a laxity of morals ; for husbands devoted to the higher intellectual life were inclined either to be short-sighted or absent-minded, and the wives in Laputa found it necessary and simple to descend to coarser but more attentive lovers on the mainland below. In search perhaps of Gerald Heard's new mutation, the speculative despised sex or forgot about it ; or having read their *Ends and Means*, thought of giving it up. Yes, Laputa is topical.

The Dean, like all satirists, was of course in a very vulnerable position. By temperament and style he is one of the earliest creative writers to be influenced by the scientific spirit. He delights, with a genuine foretaste of scientific method, in those measurements of hoofs, heads and fingers, his calculated quantities of food, his inevitable observations on his bladder. One might be reading Malinowski or Dr. Zuckermann. Yet when one puts the book down it is to realise that there is one more country in the story which is the counterblast to Laputa, Lilliput, and the whole list. This is the person of Gulliver himself. The world is mad, grotesque, a misanthropic Irishman's self-destructive fantasy ; but not Gulliver. Gulliver is sane. He is good, sensible, ordinary and decent, the genius of moderation. How he keeps himself to himself in his extraordinary adventures. No love affairs ; Mrs. Gulliver and family are waiting at home. Unlike the philosophers, he is not a cuckold. One is sure he isn't.

" I have ever hated all nations, professions and communities," the dry Dean wrote to Pope ; " and all my love is towards individuals ; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Councillor Such-a-One and Judge-Such-a-One ; principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth." A religious mind, even one as moderately religious as Swift's, must, in the end, be indifferent to material welfare, progress and hopes. Gulliver is simply John, Peter or Thomas, the ordinary sensible man and he stands alone against the planners and chemists of Laputa. Gulliver could not know that we would one day make a knowledge machine or invent substitutes for sunlight (if not out of cucumbers) but he does know that it is folly to let the world be run by the people who desire such things. They will turn it (as the visit to Lagado showed, or, shall we say, the Western Front ?) into a desert. The world, the Tory Dean says in the figure of Gulliver, must not be run by the brainy, the philosophers, the ideologists but by John, Peter, Thomas, the plain men of sense. What a dream ! The Tories, even moderate Tories like the Dean, are natural anarchists.

V. S. PRITCHETT

*Gulliver's Travels. World's Classics Edition. 2s. 6d.

CLEM ATTLEE

War Comes to Britain. By C. R. ATTLEE. *Gollancz.* 9s.

Just this time last year a collection of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches was published under the title *In Search of Peace. War Comes to Britain*, which includes Mr. Attlee's main parliamentary speeches as Leader of the Opposition, provides us with the other side of the long-drawn debate which preceded the war. As always, neither side was completely right, but Collective Security won the argument—and was defeated in the division lobby—so long as appeasement only sacrificed the liberties of small countries. At the eleventh hour, when it jeopardised the lives of half-trained British soldiers in Norway, Clem Attlee won, and accepted responsibility at the moment when his country was reaping the harvest Mr. Chamberlain had sown. *War Comes to Britain* out of *The Search for Peace.*

In a short introduction the editor gives a sketch of Clem Attlee's life. Son of a prosperous middle-class father, he showed little interest in politics either at Haileybury or Oxford, where he spoke at the Union in support of Joseph Chamberlain. Neville Chamberlain inherited a political tradition : Clem Attlee was forced into politics by his experience of the conditions of the people in an East-end slum. He saw working-class life in the raw and found it bad while his future rival was managing the affairs of prosperous Birmingham. He was a soldier

Now 961 Volumes!

2/6 *net each*

3 New Volumes in

Everyman's Library

'*Everyman's Library* holds its supremacy over all other collections.'—HAROLD NICOLSON.

Modern Humour

Edited by GUY POCOCK *and* M. M. BOZMAN

A nosegay of live specimens from the works of contemporary authors who have written to get a laugh—and got it! Selections from such widely different humorists as Dr Wodehouse and A. P. Herbert, W. W. Jacobs and E. M. Delafield, E. V. Knox and Bernard Shaw, T. S. Eliot and Sellars & Yeatman.

Swinburne's Poems and Prose

Edited by RICHARD CHURCH

A wide selection from Swinburne's *Songs before Sunrise* and the three series of *Poems and Ballads*; complete texts of *Atalanta in Calydon* and *Erechtheus*; and prose studies of Blake and Shakespeare.

Fanny Burney's Diary

Edited by LEWIS GIBBS

For the Fanny Burney centenary: this generous selection from her famous Diaries covers all the important episodes and people in the life of this 'extraordinary woman.'

* *Send for the complete descriptive list of 961 Everyman Volumes: Dents, Publishers, Letchworth, Herts*

DENT

Just Published

AMERICA EXPECTS

A Travel Diary

Hector Bolitho

"He has many witty judgments to pass on the Americans, and many good stories to tell . . . this entertaining book." *The Star.*
Illustrated. 6s. net

THE DECISIVE BATTLES

J. F. C. Fuller

Vol. I. From Alexander to Frederick the Great

Vol. II. From Napoleon to General Franco

"Brilliance, boldness, and originality." *Truth.*

"As a writer on purely military affairs he is uniformly delightful." EDWARD SHANKS.
16s. each vol.

Fifth Edition

SEARCHLIGHT ON EUROPE

John de Courcy

"Is easily one of the most important books that has been published since the war began . . . Those who would know the best and the worst of Germany's strength and her real points of weakness should read, mark, and digest this book."
GEORGE GLASGOW in *The Observer.*
7s. 6d. net

THE WAR UNFINISHED

The Drama of the Anglo-German Conflict in Africa

Eric Moore Ritchie

"Admirably lucid and unbiassed . . . first-hand experience . . . his book is a pleasure to read." HAROLD NICOLSON.
12s. 6d. net

Twentieth Thousand

THE GREAT TRADITION

Frances Parkinson Keyes

"Wholly convincing . . . graciously written." RALPH STRAUS.
9s. net

Second Large Impression

NIGHT RIDER

Robert Penn Warren

"Very exciting and very well written, subtle and beautiful. Altogether exceptional in quality." FRANK SWINNERTON.
9s. net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

HUTCHINSON

BRANGWYN

by PHILIP MACER-WRIGHT

The only authorised biography of a great artist and a fine personality—told without fear and without prejudice. With 23 unique illustrations 9/6 net

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

by ELIZABETH MUMFORD

Her character was as remarkable as Whistler's famous portrait of her. This biography may well become as much a symbol of motherhood as that portrait 16/- net

KHAKI & RIFLE GREEN

by LORD DUNALLEY

Never has a better, more vivid account of regimental life been written than these personal reminiscences by the author of *Saddle and Steel* 12/6 net

MUSIC: A SHORT HISTORY

by EVELYN PORTER

The art of music from its primitive beginnings to the present day. The result of many years of musical study and research Illus. 10/6 net

HUTCHINSON

32-36, Paternoster Row, London

in Gallipoli and France while Mr. Chamberlain (to use Mr. Attlee's cutting words) "had some occupation with card-indexes." Knowing the life of the people both in peace and in war, he devoted his life to the prevention of war and the achievement of a prosperity very different from that of Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham friends. It is his profound strength that his politics spring from social conscience, his leadership not from accidents of birth but from a community of purpose with the working-people he represents. Though his intellect is sharp and his style of speech far more educated than that of Mr. Chamberlain, he has never been attacked as an intellectual. He has never used the Labour Movement to serve his ambitions, but has devoted his abilities to its service. That is why, though he has few of the qualities associated with "leadership," he has risen to his present position. Classless but not *declassé*, he has all the qualities and the weaknesses of the Movement as a whole.

As a British Socialist he is essentially a Parliamentarian. His speeches have not the rotundity of the platform, and his single wireless talk included in this volume has not the intimacy or informality which bring success in this medium. Without the humour of the popular speaker, he has an acid wit. Speaking of Oil Sanctions, he could say "I see the old Adam in Eden" and of the blockade of Bilbao, "The White Ensign is hoisted and then the White Flag is run up." When Mr. Chamberlain, with more than usual boorishness, coupled Mussolini's name with that of Garibaldi, he could remind him of a more suitable Italian, Machiavelli, and neatly quote against the Premier:

> There is a Prince living at this time, whose name, however, it may not be proper to mention, who has nothing in his mouth but peace and good faith, and yet, if he had inclined to one or the other, would long ago have lost his reputation.

Usually he is a brusque, informative debater, but without the persuasiveness of the natural orator. And yet on great occasions he can respond greatly. No one better described the feelings aroused by Munich:

> If I may compare my feelings at that time, they were akin to those I felt on the night we evacuated the Gallipoli peninsula. There was sorrow for sacrifice. There was sorrow over the great chance of ending the war earlier that had passed away. There was perhaps some feeling of satisfaction that for a short time one was getting away from the firing line, but there was the sure and certain knowledge that before very long we should be in it again.

Reading these speeches, one notes an increasing tone of savage exasperation, which reaches its peak in the debates on Spain. Here was the real turning-point, and the parliamentary triumphs of the Opposition were a poor consolation for the fact that they accomplished precisely nothing. The Republic was sacrificed for Mr. Chamberlain's Roman holiday. Gradually the Socialist who detested Empire, power-politics and war, was compelled to advocate belligerent power-politics in defence of the Empire which the policy of its profiteers was endangering. An anti-war opposition was forced to denounce the pacifism of selfish business men; and Collective Security, conceived as the prevention of war, was forced piecemeal on the Government as a means of fighting the war it could have prevented.

When a Conservative Cabinet with an enormous majority was lying about German rearmament, acting in collusion with the aggressors and neglecting the country's defences, a small Socialist opposition had the task of remedying these defects. Inevitably it failed to do so, partly through its numerical weakness, partly through the inherent character of its philosophy. British Socialism had grown up as the opponent of a virile British Imperialism: its whole outlook was conditioned by the assumption that its task was to tame the power-politics of Britain and that it could leave to the Imperialists the defence against foreign foes. Thus for years the Labour Movement fought for Disarmament *and* Collective Security, not realising that British Conservatives could both sabotage the League and permit the rearmament of rival imperialisms. That after a generation of Tory rule, we should be too *weak* to defeat Japan or Italy and fulfil our League obligations seemed impossible: that a Tory premier should deliberately conceal that weakness in order to win an election, inconceivable. Even as late as March, 1936, Mr. Attlee opposed rearmament. It was not till 1937 that the Labour Party reluctantly accepted the need of rearmament in the interests of Collective Security.

This is the gravest indictment of Mr. Attlee's leadership. For too long he sought a method of preventing total war which avoided the active preparation for total war. He relied on the League system and world opinion to stop aggression by peaceful means, when nothing but aeroplane production was of much avail either to deter Germany or to obtain the real support of Russia. Mr. Chamberlain willed neither the end of collective security nor the means of rearmament until it was too late. Mr. Attlee consistently willed the end but the principles of his philosophy made him reluctant to will the means. The tragedy of our day is that the weakness of our Socialism sprang from its noblest ideals. We, like the German Social Democrats, remained "constitutional-minded" in a world of lawlessness: and we underestimated both the brutality of the gangster and the cowardice of "the defenders of law and order." So we went on attacking British power-politics, years after the power had been corroded by inner decay. Until Spain and Munich, Clem Attlee could not believe the worst of his own countryman. That at least was the infirmity of a noble mind. Now in full knowledge of the worst, he and his colleagues are called to save us from its consequences.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Ready

BALLET-TO POLAND

Edited by ARNOLD L. HASKELL
With Decorations by KAY AMBROSE

Contributions by JOHN MASEFIELD, JOHN GIELGUD, VICTOR DANDRÉ, NINETTE DE VALOIS, CYRIL W. BEAUMONT, W. J. TURNER, CONSTANT LAMBERT, ARNOLD L. HASKELL, ELEANOR SMITH, LOUIS GOLDING, ADELINE GENÉE and MATILDE KSCHESINSKA. PHILIP RICHARDSON'S chronology of ballet in England during the last forty years makes it an indispensable reference book.

Drawings by E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER, ANNA PAVLOVA, NADIA BENOIS, FELIKS TOPOLSKI, WILLIAM CHAPPELL, THEYRE LEE-ELLIOTT, KAY AMBROSE, OLIVER MESSEL, CECIL BEATON, SOPHIE FEDOROVITCH.

Ninety magnificent photographs by GILBERT ADAMS, GORDON ANTHONY, BARON, MERLYN SEVERN, and others, superbly reproduced in photogravure.

Ordinary edition 12*s.* 6*d. net.*
Limited edition de luxe (100 copies) £2 2*s.*
Also 25 special copies de luxe £5 5*s.*

All profits go to the Polish Relief Fund

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC

Life and Death of the Spanish Republic. By HENRY BUCKLEY. *H. Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Here is yet another book upon Spain. It is the record of a journalist who spent a good deal of his time in Madrid between 1929 and 1939, and who has therefore had many opportunities for watching political events at close quarters. The first two hundred pages, which describe the birth of the Republic and its chequered career until July, 1936, are worth reading. Though this is a well-worn track for people interested in Spain, Mr. Buckley contrives to bring new information and above all a fresh eye to it. For one thing he is not prejudiced. Though his sympathies are with the Left, he gives a good portrait of that most well-meaning of dictators, Primo de Rivera, and of his charming but violent son, José Antonio: he quite rightly stresses the moderation shown by the Papal Nuncio during the negotiations over the position of the Church and praises—somewhat excessively in my opinion—the political talents of Gil Robles. That is to say he gives one the kind of information one may expect from a good journalist who is familiar with the political scene, but who has never interested himself in the underlying factors.

The second half of the book, dealing with the Civil War, is disappointing. Mr. Buckley has been in too much of a hurry to put down his week to week impressions and has not focused upon the course of events as a whole. Then he has simply accepted what I am afraid I must call the official Republican history, though it is really the work of the Communists who, being expert at propaganda, have succeeded in putting across their version among people who are far from sharing their views.

As an example of this, take what he says of the Anarcho-Syndicalists. According to him they are composed of illiterate peasants and agricultural labourers, driven to violent revolt by atrocious conditions. But this picture is at least thirty years out of date. Though the Anarchists still controlled the labourers on the large estates in Lower Andalusia, there were considerably more land workers in 1933 in the Socialist U.G.T. than in the Anarcho-Syndicalist C.N.T. The central core of Anarcho-Syndicalism in Spain consisted in the Catalan and Aragonese factory workers who were the most powerful, best paid and best educated block of manual labourers in the country. Had Mr. Buckley shown a little more curiosity he could have visited their schools at Barcelona, run on Dartington Hall principles. But curiosity is just what he lacks. This book shows us the decline not only of the Republic but of the author's critical faculties. Thus we are scarcely surprised when he tells us that it was the Anarchists themselves who killed Durrutti.

Perhaps some day a book on the Civil War will appear which will give an objective account of the political struggle that went on under the surface on the Republican side. On the one hand there was the sweeping mechanical conception of the Communists—an all-powerful bureaucracy employing terrorist methods and organising the stupefied human herd for its own good. On the other hand, there were the Anarchists and Socialists with their strong moral attitude and their truly Spanish belief that human liberty and dignity are of more importance than material well-being. When the refusal of the Democracies to sell arms to the Republic gave the Communists the chief say in the Government, the state of friction that developed was one of the principal causes of the loss of the war.

GEORGE BEATON

Recently Published

THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX

By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A. Post paid 5/-
Written by a young medical man specialising in Obstetrics and Gynæcology, this new illustrated work is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. No other book at a similar price is as all-embracing. The contents cover—Anatomy—Physiology—The Psychology of Sex—The Sex Act—Pregnancy and Labour — Contraception — Abortion — Venereal Diseases — Prostitution—Impotence and Sterility, and is complete with a Summary and Glossary.

"Within the pages of this book is contained a survey of the Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, and Sociology of sex. The feat has been performed by Mr. Havil in a competent fashion. The subject could not be more adequately dealt with within the limitations of a work of this size."
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

LIFE LONG LOVE
Healthy Sex and Marriage.

By RENNIE MACANDREW. Post paid 5/-
The purpose of this book is to prevent or help solve some of the problems of love in men and women, and to increase human understanding.

"Its great merit consists in its straightforwardness of expression . . . its scientific simplicity. It should prove a very useful textbook." *New Statesman and Nation.*

"—eminently sensible but far from dull . . . Particularly refreshing. . . . The book will be appreciated by those who are tired of the stupidities that have been published."
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

APPROACHING MANHOOD
APPROACHING WOMANHOOD

By RENNIE MACANDREW. Each 3/6 net, post 4d. Parents, teachers, religious leaders and social workers recognise the vital need of accurate books of sex instruction for boys and young men, girls and young women. These books adequately fill that need.
"In every way admirable for the purpose—simply and concisely written—pleasantly informative. . ."
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. By RENNIE MACANDREW. An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage. . . . Many people will find it very helpful . . . . a wealth of practical hints . . . .
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine. 5/-

WISE WEDLOCK—The Whole Truth. Over 100,000 sold. This volume is full of sane information. Dr. Norman Haire says: "I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, of its kind available in English." 6/4

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says:—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them" . . . 5/4

THE RIDDLE OF SEX. By D. J. TENENBAUM. This work gives answers to all questions concerning sex. It includes a minimum of theory and the maximum of direct physiological information . . . 8/-

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE. Fully illustrated. Vol. I. The most comprehensive work of its kind ever published in England. Every conceivable subject within its title is dealt with 15/6

FAMILY LIMITATION—The Natural Way. By D. MURRAY DAVEY. To many people, because of religious or other convictions, artificiality in the matter of Birth Control is repugnant. This new book is intended for those people. It describes in detail a proved method. 1/3

IT'S ONLY NATURAL.—The Philosophy of Nudism. By WM. WELBY. With original illustrations. In this new work the author explains the philosophy of Nudism and shows the reason of its appeal to people of a high intellectual standard 4/-

Your purchase of one or other of the books described in this advertisement is not an extravagance, but a wise and profitable investment. It is impossible to measure the worth of these publications by their published price. The Health benefits, both Physical and Mental, and the Vital Information provided to you represents safe and positive dividends which will repay your investment many times over. Endorsed and recommended by the highest authorities, these books are of vital importance. Make your selection now.

THE HEART. The Prevention and Cure of Cardiac Conditions. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The author is the leading exponent of the new Biotherapy system, and in this book presents in non-technical language an explanation of this revolutionary treatment and its application to Heart Diseases 4/-

MEMORY EFFICIENCY AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT. By J. L. ORTON. An efficient memory is the basis of all success. This book shows you "How to memorise, How to acquire a photographic memory," etc., etc. 4/-

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN. The author cured himself of approaching blindness, and has embodied his methods in this book . . . 4/-

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR. By JAS. C. THOMSON. With full particulars of the Home Treatment for Scalp Disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Areata, Falling Hair, etc. . . . 1/3

All Prices include Postage.

THORSONS, Publishers
Dept. 169, 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue Free on Request.

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA
Ten Years in the Country of the Great Lie

ANTON CILIGA, a Yugoslavian communist who spent 10 years in Russia, the last five in prisons and concentration camps. The most impressive exposure of the Stalinist Régime yet written, for the author remains a revolutionary in spite of his sufferings.
7s. 6d. net.

THE RAPE OF THE MASSES
The Psychology of Totalitarian Propaganda

S. CHAKOTIN. "Most lucid and complete statement of contemporary social psychology . . . . masterly book."
H. G. WELLS.

"This account of Hitlerian Propaganda is excellent and should be studied."
The Times Lit. Supp.
7s. 6d. net.

ROUTLEDGE

Next Tuesday

THE WAKE OF THE RAIDERS
by A. D. DIVINE
Author of "The Merchant Navy Fights" (*2nd Printing*), etc.

This book is the record of the exploits and the failure of the pocket-battleships—one of the most astonishing failures in recent naval history—and a consecutive account of events at sea, up to the early days of the Nazi invasion of Norway.

19 *Illustrations.* 5s. *net.*

GEORGE ARLISS
by HIMSELF

This autobiography of a film star whose name has become a household word will be greatly enjoyed because it reveals not only the man but all that goes to the making of a film behind the scenes. The lavish illustrations will recall a host of memories.

43 *Photographs.* 15s. *net.*

John Murray

A CAUSE
worth fighting for

Many worthy institutions have appealed to the public conscience for help. But surely none so humane as the crusade against Cancer. This dreadful disease claimed 74,000 victims last year alone.

YOU can help us to keep this number down. YOUR practical help given freely now will help us to continue the fight with unabated Treatment and Research which in these difficult times costs us more than ever.

Take an interest in this great cause, join us in the effort to discover knowledge, relieve the suffering, defeat despair, lower the death roll, win through to ultimate success.

Please send a gift now to the Secretary.

The Royal Cancer Hospital
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

MORE CHARLTON
Air-Commodore
L. E. O. Charlton

"The matter is good enough; the manner individual and admirable . . . a book to remember."
Sunday Times.

"A vivid gift of description and an eye for significant detail never fail to give lively movement to the narrative." *Nottingham Guardian.*

"A revealing book . . . an unconventional officer who carried his unconventionality out of the service."
John O' London's Weekly.
12/6 net

A PSYCHOLOGIST'S WAR-TIME DIARY
Anthony Weymouth

"Mr. Weymouth gives us precisely what we want—how the historical happenings were mirrored in the mind of a typical intelligent man."
Edward Shanks (Sunday Times).

"His pages teem with interesting conversations and character-sketches."
Illustrated London News.

"Is tonic reading just now . . . full of sensible, heartening comment . . . to read it is to be stimulated and fortified." *Manchester E. Chronicle.*
12/6 net

LONGMANS

THE END OF AN HISTORIAN

History of the Popes, Volumes XXX, XI, XXXII. By DR. L. PASTOR. Edited by ERNEST GRAF. *Kegan Paul.* 16*s. per volume.*

It is rather shameful to have to confess to having fallen asleep twice over these momentous volumes. And that despite a genuine admiration for the great historian. Never shall I forget the satisfaction with which, when first studying the fifteenth century, I discovered Pastor. He seemed so all-embracing, so thorough, and so impartial after Creighton, who is often superficial, and Ranke with his Lutheran prejudices. How sick one gets of the Protestant historian's assumption that the princes and prelates of pre-Reformation Europe could easily have been virtuous nineteenth-century moralists, had they so chosen.

Of course, Pastor was really just as partisan as they, as later volumes revealed. But during the centuries covered by his first volumes the Catholic Church was Europe. The story of the Papacy was the story of that continent, and when he accepted the Catholic point of view Pastor was seeing things as they would have appeared to most Europeans at that time. Had Europe been conquered by, for example, the Turks, the Catholic Church would have gone, and with it would have gone European civilisation. Before the Reformation criticism of the Popes was aimed at details of their policy or of their behaviour, not at the idea they represented. Heretics were deviations from an established thing, not, as they became later, the forerunners and creators of a new thing, the European civilisation of to-day. And thus Pastor, being a Catholic, could put himself in the place of the statesmen of that time and see their point of view better than most Protestant historians.

More than that, critics of the Papacy before the Reformation never really rejected the Church's claim to a world empire to which all Christian nations must submit. The degree or exact nature of that empire might be disputed, the fact was in theory assumed. Even heretic monarchs like George Podiebrad sought the recognition of Rome. The Reformation undermined that assumption, and it was finally destroyed by the Thirty Years War. Then the Catholics plunged all Europe into war in an attempt to restore by force the supremacy of Rome. The outcome was a compromise *cujus regio ejus religio*, a compromise equally unsatisfactory to either religion. But for the Catholic idea it was a notable defeat. Henceforward the Catholics represent a party on the defensive, even a minority. For France, though nominally Catholic, was as far from accepting the international supremacy of Rome as were England or Sweden or the heathen lands beyond the Pale. On the contrary, France during this period, under Richelieu, Mazarin, and above all Louis XIV, was the finest European example of a nationalist imperialist state. She set the model Germany is copying to-day, and in some ways she was Rome's worst enemy.

So in these volumes Pastor has the dismal task of telling us the story of the great Catholic depression. There were, between 1644 and 1700, no great popes and no great victories, unless we count as such the conversion of Christina of Sweden. The Holy Roman Empire was holy and an empire only in name, while Spain, the one great Catholic power left, was rapidly sinking into impotence. The torch of power and influence was passing to the Protestant commonwealths of Holland and England, and above all to France, Catholic but with a difference.

All this would perhaps only add to the interest and poignancy of his story, had the historian the vitality and the enthusiasm to bring his story to life. But the Pastor of these volumes is a tired old man. He was over seventy. He had behind him fifty years of unremitting toil. "A word of encouragement from Pius X . . . gave him courage to undertake the seemingly impossible and he did his utmost to realise his noble ambition." Thus the foreword to the German edition, and one cannot but wish that Pius X had spoken instead a word of warning. The learning is all there but the life has gone. Whether because Pastor has tried to compress too much or whether because he was just too tired, the fact remains that these pages are loaded with information, crammed with knowledge, but almost unreadable. This is, it seems to me, an excellent book of reference but no longer a history. FLORA GRIERSON

What's happening at Home?

The easiest and best way of helping friends on active service to keep in touch with home happenings is to send a newspaper or periodical regularly. There is no packing or posting to be thought of, for all you need do is to hand in the name and address to W. H. SMITH & SON, and they see to the rest.

Ask at any branch for a copy of W. H. SMITH & SON'S "Postal Press Guide," giving postal subscription rates for more than 2,000 publications.

W. H. SMITH & SON have special facilities for posting papers to destinations for which a censor's permit is needed.

You can order through the nearest shop or railway bookstall of

W. H. SMITH & SON

1,500 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND & WALES

Head Office: Strand House, Portugal Street London, W.C.2.

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD.

STEENIE

George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham. By HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

On general grounds I am not in favour of historical biographies being written by non-historians. In Mr. Williamson's case the offence is somewhat mitigated by his previous acquaintance with the period, and by a disarming modesty which makes him call his book only a "study for a biography." But even that does not excuse him for devoting so much of his preface to criticising his forerunners in the field of Buckingham biographies. Perhaps the lady may be forgiven for not understanding the full implications of Buckingham's relation to the King, about which Mr. Williamson is so explicit; and perhaps Mr. Williamson may be forgiven for making rather too much of it. But it must be admitted, as against his disadvantages, that he has the great advantage of a change of period over the historian Gardiner, who was a Victorian and wrote in an age when so many things could not be mentioned. There is, I fear, no doubt about the psychological situation, and Mr. Williamson does well to give us that long letter of James to Carr, among many other quotations, which is as subtle and revealing as a page of Proust.

The historical background is, of course, not well done, and I doubt if Mr. Williamson understands the international situation with which James had to deal, its repercussions upon politics at home and his aims and policy with regard to both. The fact that James was an old silly in his personal relations, especially where handsome young men were concerned, does not mean that he was not rather a clever, and even wise, old thing in general politics. His aim was European peace. He understood very well that the English monarchy could not stand the financial strain of renewed war: hence too his anxiety for the Spanish marriage; the dowry that went with the King of Spain's ugly daughter was so enormous as to relieve the King of England of all financial embarrassment. Then, too, James was capable of keeping his emotional entanglements in a watertight compartment where they did not affect his judgment about politics. It is notable that it was years before Buckingham was able to exert any political influence—except doing innumerable services to his friends and himself. As long as James kept control, things went well enough; it was only in the last years of the reign when he began to fail and he was faced with the conjunction of Buckingham and Prince Charles, backed by the anti-Spanish clamour of the mob and the House of Commons, that things began to go sadly wrong for the monarchy. (Even so, it is fantastic for Mr. Williamson to give any credence to the story that Buckingham poisoned the King: that kind of rumour flew round about every king in Europe at that time.) James never spoke more prophetically than when, defeated by the alliance of the favourite with his son lining up with the Commons to impeach his ministers, he said to the one: "You are a fool, Steenie; you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself"; and to the other, "You will live to have your bellyful of impeachments."

This considered, it is a mistake from Mr. Williamson's own point of view to caricature James—though, to be sure, from a personal point of view, he did cut a poor figure after the solitary and baroque magnificence of Elizabeth. Besides which, most of the comic passages in which James is made to appear so ridiculous, mooning over the young men, come from Sir Anthony Weldon, who is well known to be unreliable as a disappointed and disgruntled courtier: he needs to be taken with several pinches of salt.

As against the book's historical inadequacies it must be said that it is very good reading. Mr. Williamson has better psychological insight than most historians, and he can tell a good story. A pedantic, if not pure, historian myself, I did enjoy his book, for what a rattling good story he has to tell! That being so, why need he indite an epilogue attacking the Marxists—especially since it is clear that he does not understand in the least what they are getting at? Biography makes good reading: is that not enough? A. L. ROWSE

STATISTICAL GOLCONDA

The Conditions of Economic Progress. By COLIN CLARK, Government Statistician of Queensland. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

Mr. Colin Clark's new book defies the reviewer. It brings under review an immense mass of statistical information for practically every important country of the world, and it makes a heroic attempt to co-ordinate this information so as to arrive at an approximate measurement of the relative wealth and income

From AN R.A.F. OFFICER in IRAQ

"I have smoked your full-strength Punchbowle now for several years and find that it keeps in good condition in very high temperatures which one has to live in, in Egypt and in this country of sand. More so out here, of course, where this last month we have been as high as 116° shade temperature."

If you have read the letter above, you can picture the type of men who smoke this hefty, full-bodied "big-brother" of North Country Barneys: men on the really tough jobs overseas who need something unusually satisfying in the way of Tobacco, to inspire and to round-off the work of the day.

Punchbowle is not everybody's smoke; the average smoker should first try *medium* Barneys. Whichever strength suits *your* palate, this one thing is certain: Wherever and whenever you buy, the Tobacco will turn out as sweet and fresh as when packed . . . *that* is Barneys "EverFresh" protection, the wonder-packing which ensures *Factory-freshness* everywhere.

In Desert heat —and Arctic cold

Barneys

is always fresh!

Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*). Punchbowle (*full*): in "EverFresh" Tins: 1/8½ oz.

(205) Made by John Sinclair Ltd.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

CHINA—
FINLAND—
NORWAY—
HOLLAND—
BELGIUM—

Homeless thousands — tragic refugees — these are but a small part of the many new burdens being shouldered by The Salvation Army.

Our Social Services continue unabated their work for the destitute and homeless of this land.

750,000 Service men and women use Salvation Army Red Shield Clubs in Britain and France every week.

And still the tale of need is not half told! Our resources are strained, but we must respond! Will you please join our "Ministry of Supply" by sending your gift to General Carpenter, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

'NERVOUS INDIGESTION? NOT ME! NOT SINCE THE DAY YOU TOLD ME TO "CUT STARCH"'

CONSIDERING that most of us have our fads and fancies pretty well established, it is quite remarkable how many men and women followed the advice which we gave at the beginning of the war to 'cut starch'. We advised a change from starchy, stomach-taxing foods, thus taking much of the load off the nerves and easing nervous indigestion. We suggested a switch-over to Vita-Weat, the sensible modern Crispbread.

Thousands took this advice, and judging from the comments we hear they found it good. And what is more, they are finding Vita-Weat very good too.

VITA-WEAT AND MARMALADE
IS DELICIOUS
Vita-Weat scarcely needs butter

ONLY HOME-GROWN WHEAT IS USED IN MAKING

Vita-Weat

PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

Cartons 1/6 and 10d. Packets 6d. and 2d.

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd. Makers of Famous Biscuits

ECONOMICS and WAR

A REPLY TO PROF. ROBBINS

1/- (1/2 Post Free)

. . . "it certainly is an effective reply" . . . "this is a booklet that every FEDERAL UNIONIST and SOCIALIST should read" . . .
(Cam. Uni. Journal).

From your local bookseller, or

COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS

LONDON: 66, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.
MANCHESTER: 15, Hanging Ditch.
GLASGOW: 1a, Dundas Street, C.1.

THINK OF THESE MEN AND HELP THEM

You can well imagine what terrible perils this War is adding to the already hazardous tasks of our Life-boatmen at sea.

Now more than ever do they need your help in pounds, shillings and pence, to maintain them in their magnificent work.

As the War at sea intensifies so the call from this Institution for your aid becomes more urgent. We know you will not fail us now—send whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, BOREHAM WOOD, HERTS.

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

of all the leading communities and of the tendencies manifested in them towards economic progress. This is a colossal endeavour, and no reviewer can hope to be in a position to appraise Mr. Clark's achievement, at any rate without months of labour. The deficiencies in the national statistics of the various countries, and their lack of comparability without an immense amount of manipulation, make the task which Mr. Clark has set himself very difficult indeed; and beyond all this there is the doubt whether comparative measurements can have more than the most elementary meanings between civilisations as different as those of the West European countries on the one hand, and, say, India or China on the other.

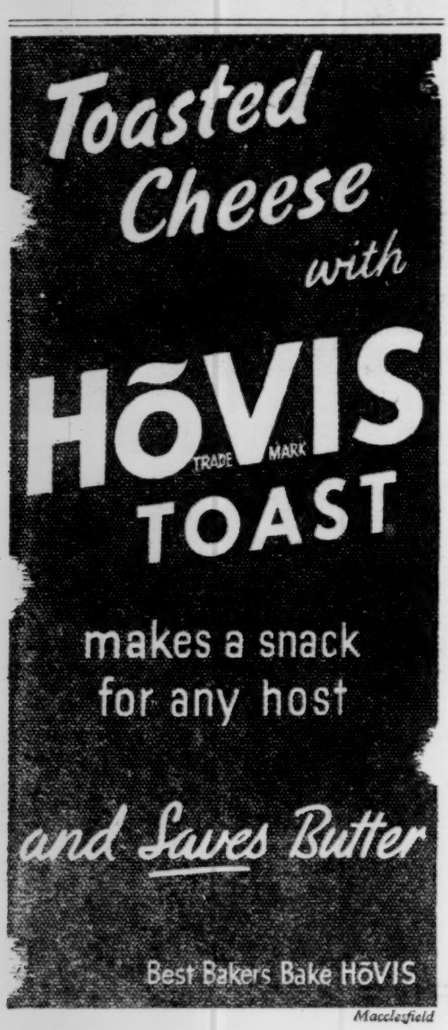
Nevertheless, the attempt was well worth making, and the achievement of this book is remarkable. In the first place, the author has no difficulty in exploding once and for all the familiar fallacy that the problem of plenty has already been solved, and that nothing except sheer stupidity and bad organisation now stand in the way of the attainment of a high standard of living by all the peoples of the earth. Mr. Clark brings out very clearly indeed the small part of the earth's surface over which the peoples have yet acquired instruments of production capable of yielding to them, even with the fullest utilisation, a decent standard of civilised living; and against this achievement he sets the primary poverty in which the greater part of the world is still condemned for some time to exist.

The method of measurement adopted throughout in handling the national statistics is their reduction to "international units." An international unit, in his words, "is defined as the amount of goods and services which could be purchased for one dollar in the U.S.A. over the average of the decade 1925–1934, or an amount interchangeable with them." The result of his calculations is to show that an average real income per worker of 500 international units or less (that is, of not more than about £2 a week) is the lot of over eighty per cent. of the world's population. As against this, only seven countries—the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Argentina, Great Britain and Switzerland have an average real income of as much as 1,000 units (about £4 a week per breadwinner); and these seven countries contain only ten per cent. of the world's population. It is interesting to discover that, according to Mr. Clark's formula, New Zealand is now the wealthiest country in the world per head of population, having advanced beyond the United States and Canada, in which the standard of living has, even apart from the Great Depression, been practically stationary since 1900. His figures also bring into relief the extreme poverty of the people of the Soviet Union, though income per head in real terms is now advancing there. He holds that the 1913 level of real income in Russia was not recovered until 1936.

One particularly interesting section of Mr. Clark's book deals with the problem of population. In most of the predominantly agricultural countries he believes that the Malthusian relationship still holds., i.e., that the trend of real income per head is inversely related to the growth of population. Almost exactly the opposite is true of the more advanced industrial countries, and it is therefore doubly unfortunate that fertility is highest where its economic results are most disadvantageous, and lowest where high fertility would be likely to increase wealth per head.

This is a mere apology for a review of Mr. Clark's remarkable book. It may be added that in his introduction he has some hard words to say of those economists who are content to dwell among abstractions without endeavouring to relate their theories to quantitatively measurable facts. Even if, in his eagerness to measure and assess everything that can be measured, he is at times inclined to an overweening boldness in the handling of admittedly deficient data, he does at any rate get somewhere, and, incidentally, provide a very strong argument, which it is to be hoped the governments of the world will take to heart, for improving both the quantity and the quality of the data upon which the realistic statistician has to work.

G. D. H. COLE



Macclesfield

THE PROGRESS OF SIMENON

Maigret Abroad. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Routledge.* 8*s.*

The Devil's Birthday. By JONAS LIE. *Bruno Cassirer.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Death at the Dog. By JOANNA CANNAN. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Lonely Magdalen. By HENRY WADE. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Bermuda Burial. By C. DALY KING. *Collins.* 8*s.*

Unexpected Night. By ELIZABETH DALY. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Turn on the Heat. By A. A. FAIR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

When M. Simenon's Maigret novels were first introduced in an English translation a few months ago, it was not merely a question of recognising a distinguished foreign Professor of Detection and welcoming him to a seat at High Table that faced a reviewer. M. Simenon is a luminary of the first magnitude but he cannot be placed in the old firmament; his course cannot be plotted alongside that of Mrs. Christie; his spectrum reveals lines that do not correspond to any known detective substance. There are two more Maigret stories in *Maigret Abroad*. The first, *A Crime in Holland*, is presented in M. Simenon's best detective manner that we understand and appreciate. The scene is Delfzijl, a small Dutch town opposite Emden; a teacher in a Dutch training-ship has been shot while a French professor on a lecture tour is staying in his house. The characters are all lined up for our inspection, the visiting professor, the wife, the sister-in-law, the neighbours; one of them must be capable of the crime—which? The emphasis with Simenon is always on the psychological problem. Murders are committed, not because people have the physical ability or opportunity to kill each other, but because somebody has been able to work himself or herself up to killing point. The role of Maigret, and of the reader, is to size up the characters until one fits; but, with the pieces so well cut, one must have a jig-saw eye to manage it at the first attempt.

The second story in *Maigret Abroad* runs on different lines and shows that Simenon is heading for an eventual destination far removed from detection. The scene is Liège, where a rich Greek is murdered; the characters are no longer presented gratis by the author but begin to present themselves; and not till half-way through does Maigret figure in person. One gains the impression that the Maigret mechanism of evolving character is being discarded for more direct introspection. The result is not detection, but a crime novel; and even crimes will soon become superfluous, for the author's evident intention is to delineate, with as deft a touch as Proust's, the inflexible threads of destiny on which are strung all the vagaries and ambiguities of the human soul. Maigret is doomed to extinction, but European literature will profit by his demise. The translations by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury are admirable.

I doubt whether any literature will gain much from Mr. Jonas Lie, a Norwegian. He is a detective writer whose stories are the best Knut Hamsun has ever read, according to the dust cover of *The Devil's Birthday*. I can't help wondering who else Knut Hamsun can have read, as this sample only places Mr. Lie among the quaint exotics. The characters live a strange Norwegian existence in which, if you're a disagreeable character, you may find a "shame-staff" set up on your lawn in the morning. I never knew about these shame-staffs before. The decapitated head of a horse is stuck on a stake with its great horse-teeth propped open to grin "Shame" at you. One of the problems in *The Devil's Birthday* is "Who set up the shame-staff?" (I suspected something like that might happen when the unpleasant Major would buy a sack full of horses' heads and leave it lying about.) But the detective problems in the book are perfunctory; Mr. Lie's enthusiasm is for Norwegian character and atmosphere, and anyone who wishes to wander in that labyrinth may enjoy the experience. The translation from the Norwegian has not quite got as far as English, but that adds a touch of piquancy.

Miss Cannan is a regular novelist, who once before used a murder plot with great success in *They Rang Up the Police*. *Death at the Dog* is disappointing; incessant dialogue gives the feeling that the reader has been invited to a party but not properly introduced. The death occurs at a public house in the early days of the War, and the solution depends on a proper grasp of the ground-plan of the building. Miss Cannan's characters are always attractive, but she finds it an effort to implicate them in crime.

Henry Wade is the reverse of Miss Cannan, a natural detective writer aspiring to write novels. *Lonely Magdalen* is in three parts; the first and last deal with the murder of a prostitute on Hampstead Heath and the solution of the crime by Inspector Poole—orthodox police-work in Henry Wade's accomplished style: the centre section is a piece of self-indulgence for the author, who lets his imagination loose on the prostitute's antecedents like a best-seller.

Business as Usual

Last month, when we warned readers that rising prices and deterioration in the quality of materials were two certainties upon which we could count, we anticipated that a few wise men would take the tip and come along with orders for suits whilst our stock of pre-war materials, at almost pre-war prices, lasted. We have been pleasantly surprised, and admittedly a little embarrassed, by a much larger response than we expected.

Goss has work in hand, with his depleted staff, for several weeks ahead, but most of the customers have given Goss as much time as he needs to fulfil their orders. Consequently if any reader needs a suit or a coat in a hurry it can be done.

What we said a month ago applies to-day of course, so we hope you will add your orders to those already on our books, thereby ensuring first-class materials at the prices you have been used to paying. If you are a new customer, you will probably find that Goss's present prices are still substantially below those that you have been paying elsewhere for years.

For the benefit of new readers of our advertisements may we repeat that whilst Goss cannot avoid the addition of a small percentage on pre-war prices, this percentage represents only the actual net increases in costs which Goss has to pay for materials and labour.

Goss tailoring is individual in the fullest meaning of the word. No trouble is spared to give each customer precisely the materials, style and fitting that he wishes. The workmanship is most thorough and is done by first-class workpeople, the measuring, cutting and fitting being done personally by Mr. Goss or Mr. Whitehouse.

Many readers of this journal have been coming to Goss for years.

A Goss lounge suit or overcoat of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit or overcoat. Dress suits from Nine Guineas.

All prices now subject to 10% wartime extra.

★

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS
Tailoring

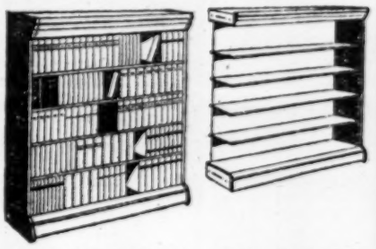
15 Newgate Street,
London, E.C.1
'Phone: City 7159

INSTALL

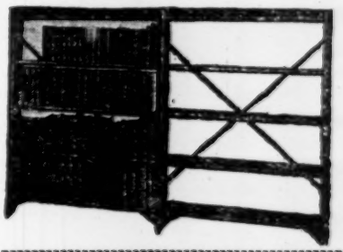
LIBRACO

"Mastercraft" **PORTABLE SHELVING**

ADJUSTABLE and EXTENSIBLE



"It grows with your needs" and is made to meet the needs of owners of small or large collections of books. It is Portable and Extensible and additional bays may be added at any time. All shelves are adjustable.



DWARF HEIGHT
Initial Bay, 4′ 6″ x 3′ 2½″ x 8″
£3 : 17 : 0
(Back 10/-)
Also in Oak.

FULL HEIGHT
Initial Bay, 7′ 6″ x 3′ 2½″ x 8″
£4 : 19 : 0
(Back 17/6)
Carr. Paid in Gt. Britain.

DWARF OAK BOOKCASES
Initial Bay, 3′9″ x 2′9″ **38/6** Two Bays, 3′9″ x 5′5″ **73/6**
Also in Mahogany. Adjustable Shelves.
Carriage Paid in Gt. Britain.

SEND NOW for LIST

LIBRACO LTD.
LOMBARD WALL, WOOLWICH RD., CHARLTON, LONDON, S.E.7.
Please send post free copy of List No. 31
NAME
ADDRESS

"CAVALRY, EGAD!"

"STRANGE DAYS, strange days — to think that the old 93rd Horse should be careering around in these odd contraptions. Still, the men are of the same stuff — and, by jiminy, I notice that they still smoke my old favourite Murray's. I remember in 1815 enjoying a surreptitious pipeful behind a hayrick near Rougemont. . . ."

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

Murray's Tobacco was smoked in the days of Wellington (firm established 1810). Price nowadays 1/6½d. an ounce.

DUTY FREE TO H.M. FORCES AT SEA, IN FRANCE & IN PALESTINE

¼-lb. parcel 2/6
½-lb. parcel 4/3
1-lb. parcel 7/6
2-lb. parcel 15/-

Prices include postage and packing. Order from any tobacconist or direct from Murray, Sons & Co. Ltd., Whitehall Tobacco Works, Belfast.

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

BARBARIAN BOY

By HUMPHREY LANCASTER

A description of life in Imperial Rome woven into a delightful story

Grace Road, London, S.W.1

I always admire Henry Wade, but some people may find the book too long and others too much of a hotch-potch.

Daly King is the obelist man, though he has long discarded that particular affectation. *Bermuda Burial* shows, however, that he retains all his zest for integrative psychology and the amorous Michael Lord of the New York Police Department. Much of the story is occupied with Lord's hectic love-life, but there is a kidnap plot, which works in a complicated but satisfactory way, and any amount of local colour—most of it drink and flirtation. The solution will come as a surprise, unless you are inured to Mr. King's surprises.

Unexpected Night is by a new authoress who nearly won a prize with it. A young man with a weak heart is heir to a million dollars if he lives to be twenty-one; he is found dead at the foot of a cliff on the morning of his twenty-first birthday. This should make a nice plot, and Miss Daly has marshalled a wide group of predatory relatives round her victim for us to pick a murderer; but in the novice's anxiety to keep the cat in the bag she goes to great—intolerably great—lengths. Driving golf balls at people a hundred yards off is not a recognised way even to simulate murder. The style is very readable, but why must one of the characters constantly be called a "leprechaun"? The solution is deductively sound, but not notable for anything but extravagance.

Turn on the Heat is an American "tough," with more ideas and less rye than most. The hero, Private Detective Lam, relies on his sex-appeal for results, but physically diverges from precedent, being often referred to as "a half-pint runt" by his genial employer. Perhaps because the scene is California one can detect a distinct whiff of Erle Stanley Gardner on the premises. RALPH PARTRIDGE

OURSELVES

A number of readers say they are finding it difficult to obtain their copy of this paper regularly and promptly.

There is no reason why readers in England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and Eire should not get their copies by Friday, or at latest first thing Saturday morning.

One reader this week stated that his newsagent had informed him that he could not have his copy at all, as the wholesaler's supplies were rationed! This is nonsense.

Wholesalers and retailers may have whatever supplies they need, but, like the rest of the periodicals, this paper has had to suspend the custom which allowed newsagents to return *unsold* copies.

Therefore, please place a definite order with your newsagent, and if you fail to receive your copy, or it is late, please report to the Publishers,

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
[illegible] London, W.C.1

BLOOD AND THUNDER

What Do Boys and Girls Read? By A. J. JENKINSON. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Old-fashioned people often complain, on the evidence of the popular magazines and newspapers, that the standard of taste in reading has lamentably declined, and they sometimes put the blame for this on universal literacy. In those happy days long before the War to End Wars, the supply of material was so limited that children with a taste for reading had in the end to fall back upon good books. In their time, they tell us, children read Dickens, Scott, Thackeray at the very worst; and then, presumably because we needs must love the highest when we see it, they came to prefer the good to the bad. But the growth of compulsory education let in a flood of inferior stuff addressed to the lowest common factor of intelligence, and, the bad, on the analogy of Gresham's Law, drove out the good.

Mr. Jenkinson's excellent book opposes this view. To summarise his argument briefly, it is not universal education, but the almost universal cessation of education at the age of 14, which is responsible for such deterioration as there is; it is only after fifteen, he claims, that literary taste can be expected to develop. Trash of a certain kind is a necessary element in the adjustment of the adolescent in an industrial age; for trash performs the double function of helping him to grow up and of compensating for some of the difficulties of that process. But there is every evidence for supposing that the child would outgrow the trash stage as a natural development, if it remained in an environment which stimulated intelligence and provided the opportunities for development.

His book is based on a questionnaire submitted to some three thousand school children in different kinds of schools, and designed to discover their tastes in private reading. Of this questionnaire method, popular in America, we are in England, perhaps rightly, somewhat suspicious. But Mr. Jenkinson allays distrust by the fairness with which he presents his figures. He does not in any case regard them as more than indicative, and forewarns the reader where they are likely to be biased by accidentals or his own predilections. The results are not in themselves particularly unexpected. The children's answers show that the large proportion of their private reading consists of worthless rubbish, "bloods," magazines, juveniles and newspapers, with adventure as the subject which leads all others in popularity. Secondary schoolchildren, only naturally, grow out of this stage earlier than children in Senior schools (they are better provided for in any case) but among both there is a distinct progression not so much in the quality of the matter read, as in the kind; the intensities of phantasy life recede as adolescence advances—at fifteen, for instance, story-magazines (apart from bloods) attract fewer readers, and their place is taken by magazines devoted to popular science, hobbies and pastimes. "Blood" addicts are not (as the old-fashioned used to think) conspicuously more depraved than other children; on the contrary it is usually those with the otherwise best reading habits who are the most addicted. Rather surprising is the number of fifteen-year-olds who still read juveniles like *Comic Cuts* and *Rainbow*.

On the basis of his documentation we are invited to decide whether it is possible or even desirable to try to train children's reading taste, to teach them what is good and to wean them from what by adult standards is bad. Mr. Jenkinson thinks not. Professing himself a follower of Dewey who believes in basing teaching on the interests of the child, he maintains that "blood"-reading is a stage which has to be gone through. the age of fifteen; earlier than that it is enough to give children time and opportunity for reading and to see that they are supplied with the kind of reading which will correspond to their stage of development. He makes out a good case for this view, and drives another nail or two into the coffin of the English Course (which is still, it seems, advising teachers of fourteen-year-olds to give them Addison and Steele and teach them "to distinguish between them.") It is obviously absurd to expect children to enjoy or appreciate really adult writing, and the attempt (the school certificate is based upon it) has probably done as much as anything else to kill the love of our native literature. It is still a question, however, whether even so better material could not be supplied, material which performed the psychological function of the present bloods in a less debased form. But if the standard of bloods is to be improved (here Mr. Jenkinson confirms a suggestion of Mr. Orwell's), the monopoly of certain large publishing firms has to be broken—or, in other words, this is a social rather than a technical educational problem.

This book can be highly recommended to all teachers, especially of English, and to all children's librarians; while the interest which a recent article of Mr. Orwell's aroused suggests that it might have a wider appeal. One may note, for instance, that the *Magnet* which Mr. Orwell wrote about is only one-fifth as popular as the adventure series called the *Wizard*; and the titles of the others which intervene, *Rover*, *Skipper*, *Adventure*, *Champion*, *Pilot*, show that adventure is far ahead of school story in popular favour. Interesting, also, is the continued popularity of Dickens among adolescents; Dickens it seems becomes a favourite at twelve and persists throughout the adolescent period. I wonder if Balzac or even Zola could claim a like allegiance among French children; and if not, whether there is here an indication of a pronounced retardation of development not only in Dickens but in most of the English bourgeois reading public. T. C. WORSLEY

The Glass Giant of Palomar. By DAVID O. WOODBURY. *Heinemann.* 18s.

Dr. George Hale spent his life conducting astronomical researches, collecting sums of money and organising the building of three telescopes at Yerkes, Mt. Wilson and Palomar. An account of his life and the construction of the largest telescope in the world is given us by Mr. Woodbury in a book of great fascination. He possesses the gift, too often rashly claimed, of making astronomical and technical calculations completely clear to an unmathematical layman. The greatest problem which confronted the scientists was how to construct the 200-inch mirror. Six hundred thousand dollars were spent in trying to use fused quartz. All efforts failed. They then tried Pyrex, another low-expansion glass. Four discs had to be cast and the last of these was the famous 200-inch. Cores broke loose, the glass cooled too rapidly, there was not enough money to conduct elaborate experiments; but after six attempts, the mirror was finally cast. It took six months to anneal, as the cooling was deliberately delayed by passing an electric current through it. The river flooded the foundry, an earthquake shook the premises; but the mirror proved flawless. The last third of the book describes the polishing of the mirrors and the construction of the half-a-million pounds of steel and glass, which made the telescope and observatory, under the auspices of a retired Naval officer who had to learn to temper his Service methods to the vagaries of scientists. The work was completed in twelve years: and even at the end there was a hitch as the dilatory San Diego Council, in making the road up to Palomar, put convicts from an alimony gaol on to the job; this proved fatal, as they were too well-bred to know how to use a pick. Unfortunately the book is written in an unhappy style, pullulating with enthusiasm and devotion for the men who made the telescope. That is embarrassing; but the incompetent unscientific

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

THACKERAY HOTEL. Facing the British Museum. Telephones in all bedrooms. From 9s. 6d. per night.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

ASK for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 165 INNS and HOTELS managed by the PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD.
P.R.H.A., LTD., 193 Regent Street, W.1.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Private Hotel. Quiet situation. Central heating and log fires. H. and C. all bedrooms. 'Phone 126.

NEW FOREST. The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge. Peaceful surroundings. H. & C. Riding.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Comfort. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. Glendower, first-class guest house. Facing sea, modern comfort, quiet. Rottingdean 9552.

W. SUSSEX XVth C. Guest House, modernised. Downs, garden, tennis: ideal walking centre. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough. (Sutton 229.)

A SUNSHINE Holiday Choice! A modern fully furnished BUNGALOW or FLAT on South Coast at Saltdean, Brighton. Safety zone. Splendid Beach, Promenade, Under Cliff Walk, Marine Parade. Tennis, Golf. Riding on the Downs. Magnificent Lido. Modern Bathing Pool. Club facilities. From 2½ *gns.* weekly. Folder Free. SALTDEAN ESTATE CO., LTD., Saltdean, Brighton.

GEORGIAN farmhouse, 300 acres, 13 m. Eastbourne. Riding, tennis. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex.

SUNBATHING Guest House, every conv., own seashore, safe bathing, tennis. N.S., Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

CHILDREN'S Holidays. Delightful summer vacations Children's Holiday Centre, "Charters Towers," Bexhill-on-Sea fr. July 27th, reasonable cost. Safe area. Particulars on application.

SALTDEAN, Sussex. Walesbeech Guest House, overlooking sea and downs. Rottingdean 9431.

TIMBERSCOMBE, FERNHURST, HASLEMERE. Peaceful retreat. Ideal country. Tel.: Fernhurst 6.

SEAVIEW, I. of W. Seaview Guest House in 30 acres of garden and woodland with its own magnificent beach of firm, clean sand. This beautiful country mansion has charm and character, and offers every convenience and luxury—from a swimming pool to hard tennis courts. Excellent food and every comfort from 6os. per week, inclusive. Full details and W.T.A. Guest House Holiday Book free from the Workers Travel Association, Ltd., 27-30 Gillingham Street, S.W.1.

THE ARCHER NERVE TRAINING COLONY, LANGLEY RISE, KING'S LANGLEY, HERTS.
Reduced fee period for any fortnight during the summer months, to give tired but upstanding people an opportunity to learn methods of systematic Relaxation and how to achieve real rest.
Reception Area. Official Air-raid Shelters installed. Apply SECRETARY. Tele.: King's Langley 7519.

SOMERSET, Exmoor. Sup. fmhse. accom. Riding, Fishing, Tennis, Bathing pool. MARTYN, Dulverton. Tel.: 95.

ANGLO-FRENCH Home-School and Holiday Home on safe coast. FRENCH conversation. Excellent food. Handicraft. Riding. Boys and girls 4–8 yrs. Holidays all ages. T. DAVID, The Snark, Torcross, S. Devon.

SOUTH CORNWALL. Board residence. Modern seaside house. Excellent holiday centre. All sports adjacent. BARGROVE, Carlyon Bay, St. Austell.

ANGLO-French fam. receive gsts. 17th c. farmhse., Mendips. Mod. comf. MME. LAVER, Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet, 57.

WOODY BAY HOTEL, nr. Lynton. Facing sea; unsurpassingly beautiful scenery and bathing. From 3½ *gns.*

CORNWALL. Furn. bungalow. Charming sit., nr. sea, P.O. Bath. Suitable two. From June, long let, £1. DODD, Borah Flower Farm, Lamorna, nr. Penzance.

CORNWALL, POLZEATH. Mod. fur. bung., overlooking sea Slumberland beds, electricity, wireless, garage. APLIN.

DARTMOUTH district. Convenient furnished cottage to let, June. Four beds. BACKETT, Dittisham.

ROCKINGHAM, Westward Ho! Devon ideal, quiet, comfortable holiday. 2½–4 *gns.* MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. Garden, sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. S. Devon Coast. "Mountway" Guest House. Mod. comfort. Ord. or veg. diet. Tel. 290.

NEWQUAY, Cornwall. ST. RUMONS HOTEL. Cliff-edge. Licensed. 72 Bedrooms, h. & c. Adj. Golf. Bathing fr. Hotel. Dancing. Opening June 1st. From 3½ *gns.* Tel. 2978.

CORNWALL. To let, holidays or period, furnished cottages overlooking sea between St. Ives and Lands End. Grand spot. Bathing coves. Moorland walks. Terms and photos. MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

A CORNISH HOLIDAY. Join young PARTY staying in chalet nr. Pendeen. Bathing, Climbing, Walking, Tennis. July 20th–August 1st. Box 7390.

N. WALES, Llanfair Talhaiarn, nr. Abergele, peaceful Elwy Valley. Glorious wlkg. Glasfryn G.H. MRS. RODWELL.

THOSE in need of care through the duration will find comfort at Plasnewydd, Llanbedr, Merioneth. Fr. 2½ *gns.*

HOME COMFORTS in a Seaside BUNGALOW, fully furnished for 6. Living room, verandah, bathroom, kitchen. (Gas or Electric Cooking.) From 2 *gns.* wkly. Private Estate. Safety area. Directly facing finest beach on N. Wales coast. Free brochure. SANDY COVE ESTATE, Kinmel Bay, Rhyl, N. Wales.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

WYE VALLEY HOLIDAYS. Paying guests taken in Crafts Community. Vegetarian diet. Barn House, Brockweir, nr. Chepstow.

LAKELAND. Victoria Hotel. Beautiful Buttermere, between Cockermouth stn. and Honister Pass. Tel. 2.

RESPITE AND RECREATION
Make the most of your holidays this year by staying at Langdale Estate. Unique and varied accommodation amidst delightful surroundings. Furnished cottages, guest house and the new Pillar Hotel. Tennis and squash courts, swimming pool, etc. Illustrated booklet on request. The Manager, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside. Tel.: Grasmere 82.

HOPE (Peak District). Birchfield Guest House. Lovely country mansion in glorious situation, 700 feet up in the loveliest centre of the Peak District. 10 acres of private grounds. Adjoining all the most beautiful centres. This delightful W.T.A. Guest House offers holiday accommodation and full board from 52s. 6d. weekly, inclusive. Write for the W.T.A. Guest House Holiday Book—free on request. Workers Travel Association, Ltd., 27-30 Gillingham Street, S.W.1.

WENSLEYDALE. Near Aysgarth. Guest House. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, Leyburn, Yorks.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Terms from 13s. 6d. per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

DOLLARBEG. Dollar, Scotland. Superb Scottish Mansion Guest House. Low inclusive terms. In the heart of the most famous parts of Scotland amidst superb scenery. 100 acre grounds. Golf, tennis, putting green, croquet lawn, bowling green. 400 feet above sea-level. Write for details of this and other W.T.A. Guest Houses, Workers Travel Association, Ltd., 27-30 Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

DUNOON. Cowal House. A glorious guest house in Scotland's most charming seaside resort. Finest climate, maximum sunshine and superb scenery close to the famous West Bay. This famous W.T.A. Guest House offers holiday accommodation from 55s. per week, inclusive. Write for the W.T.A. Guest House Holiday Book. Free on application to the Workers Travel Association, Ltd., 27-30 Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

FRANCE. Planned holidays to Paris (8 days from £6 17s. 6d.); The Riviera (15 days from £11 18s 0d.); and the Basque Coast and Biarritz (15 days from £12). Arranged by The Workers Travel Association. Write for the Special "Holidays in France" Leaflet—it gives full details of how you can enjoy a holiday in France in spite of the war. The Workers Travel Association, Ltd., The Travel Centre, 27-30 Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1.

ACCOMMODATION

To Let and Wanted

FOR Visitors to London or permanent residence stay at Nell Gwynn House. This magnificent centrally located building provides high class furnished Flats for one or two persons. Electric Kitchen for preparing light meals. Elegant bathroom, telephone, radio and every modern convenience. From 3 *gns.* weekly. Also unfurnished Flats from £90 p.a. Restaurant available with Club facilities. Air Raid shelters. Brochure. Nell Gwynn House, Sloane Avenue, Chelsea, S.W.3. Ken. 6095.

FOR the Night or for Life.
HAMPSTEAD RESIDENTIAL BUREAU will find you the right accommodation. 91 Fellows Road, N.W.3. Primrose 6772.

SUITE (2 rms.) for Bachelor in panelled Qn. Anne hse., facg. Common; e.l. and heat, c.h.w., kit., etc., 'phone; 2 mins. Tube; mod. Furn. if desired. MAC. 4031 (morn & evg.).

2-ROOMED flat, kitchen, unfurn., 17s. 6d. Large furn. room, opening garden, 14s. 6d. Private house. PRI. 6534.

SERVICE rooms, furnished or unfurnished, good cooking, c.h.w. Spare bedroom for guests. Air raid shelter. Apply Sec., Melvin Hall, Golder's Green Road, N.W.11. SPE. 2791.

THREE furnished rooms to let in quiet self-contained flat. Bed-sitting room and bedroom and sitting room, use large kitchen. Sunny rooms, pleasant outlook. Very low rent suitable tenant. BOYD, 28c, Parkhill Road, N.W.3. Gul. 1238.

HAMPSTEAD. 7 Lancaster Grove. University woman has divan rooms, h. & c. Gas fires, rings. 15s.—25s. Breakfast if required. PRI. 0160.

TWO unfurnished flats, Crouch End. Easy City, West-end. Quiet, sunny road. Ground floor, three good rooms, small kitchen, large garden (grow food), 1 *gn.* week. Upper part, five bright rooms, 25s. week. Share bathroom. Apply Baines, 24, West Hill, Highgate.

W.1. Attractively furnished Divan Rooms in artist's house, 32s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. inc. service and el. light. Mus. 9348.

FREE household. No restrictions. Chelsea. B. and b., 22s. 6d.—32s. 6d. Modern furniture and atmosphere. FLA. 9970.

HAMPSTEAD. Adjng. heath. Large sunny unfurn. room. Mod. rent. Inclus. e.l., cooker. Suit 2 friends. HAM. 5898.

NORTH Oxford. Quiet part. Every comfort. H. and c. 2 mins. river. Parks, tennis. 20, Norham Road.

WANTED. Chelsea, 15s., large room, attic or small flat. Box 7461.

HEALTH

ACCORDING to A. S. Neill "Kingston is 'right' in every way." Particulars from Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR favourite suit copied exactly in "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £5 5s. 0d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free. REDMAYNE, 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 682

AMUSEMENTS

BALLET

ARTS. LAST WEEK. (Tem. 7542)
8.30 (ex. Sun. & Mon.). Mat., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE LONDON BALLET
including "LA FETE ETRANGE."

THEATRES

ARTS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE
MON., MAY 27 to SAT., JUNE 1.
Nightly at 8.30. Matinees, Thur. & Sat. at 2.30.
TOM WALLS in **"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY"**
Box Office (Tel. 2000) open for advance booking, 10 a.m.—8 p.m.

NEW. (Tem. 3878). EVENINGS, 7.45. (ex. Mons.)
Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. ERNEST THESIGER,
IRENE VANBRUGH in **BERNARD SHAW'S** latest play
IN GOOD KING CHARLES'S GOLDEN DAYS

PICCADILLY. (Ger. 4506.) Evgs., 7.45 (ex. Mon.)
Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS
THE CORN IS GREEN
A COMEDY BY EMLYN WILLIAMS.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30
OWEN NARES. CELIA JOHNSON in
"REBECCA."

ST. PANCRAS PEOPLE'S, Charrington St., N.W.1.
(Close Mornington Crescent Station.)
Eus. 1084 (5—9 p.m.). 2/6, 1/3. Fri., Sat., MAY 24, 25, at 8.
TIME AND THE CONWAYS BY J. B. PRIESTLY

THRESHOLD Th. Club. 18 Chepstow Villas, W.11.
"THORNTREE" by MARGARET TRAVERS
EVERY NIGHT at 8 (ex. Mons.). Box Office Bays. 1551.

TORCH. (Slo. 9966). Members only. Prices. 1/9, 3/6, 5/9.
NIGHTLY and SUNDAYS at 8 (ex. Mons.).
DOROTHY GREEN. EDMUND WILLARD.
PORTRAIT OF HELEN by AUDREY LUCAS.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 7.30
THE STAR TURNS RED. By SEAN O'CASEY.
Members only. 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. (Sub. 1/- p.a. Share 1/-.)

VICTORIA PALACE. Vic. 1317. 6.0 and 8.30.
3,000,000 PEOPLE CAN'T BE WRONG.
LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL

FILM

ACADEMY Cinema, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
LILIAN HARVEY
In a romantic FRENCH film of Schubert's youth,
with his loveliest melodies
"SERENADE" (U)

CONCERT

QUEEN'S HALL (Chappell's: Sole Lessees).
THURSDAY, MAY 30, at 8 p.m.
FAUSTO MAGNANI
will conduct a
GALA CONCERT

"London" Symphony	...	Haydn
La Mer	...	Debussy
Pathetic Symphony ...	...	Tschaikowsky
The Pines of Rome ...	...	Respighi

The London Philharmonic Orchestra
FAUSTO MAGNANI
Tickets: 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, 6/-, 7/6 and 10/6 from Queen's Hall Box Office and usual Agencies.
MUSICAL CULTURE LTD., 295 REGENT STREET, W.1.

EXHIBITION

BETWEEN TWO WARS: 1918-1939.
Representative work of twenty-five British and Foreign Painters and Sculptors in this period.
May 22nd to June 8th, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Admission 1s. (including catalogue).
Marx House, 37a Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

RESTAURANTS

ENGLISH AND PROUD OF IT!!! RULES Restaurant, Maiden Lane. Open till midnight.

GREEK RESTAURANT. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Near Eastern food and wines at their best.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.

CAMBS.–HUNTS. BORDERS
To Let Furnished
David Garnett wishes to let Hilton Hall, near Huntingdon, furnished. Spacious Jacobean Farmhouse with dining room, drawing room, hall, library, five bedrooms and bathroom. Electric lighting and power; central heating; productive garden, large orchard, swimming pool, use of library, telephone. Ready for immediate occupation. Five Guineas weekly. Apply: J. CARTER JONAS & SONS, 27–28 Market Hill, Cambridge.

CORNWALL. Attractively fur. 5-rmd. COTTAGE. Penzance–St. Ives bus route. Garden. Linen and cutlery. ROSKELLY, 7 Adamson Road, N.W.3.

SOMERSET-Devon border, picturesque country, 3-room furn. bungalow, domestic help avlble. Garage. Box 7460.

HEATH and Downs (W. Sussex). Exquisitely situated, 1 floor house, 6 rooms and studio, garage, all conveniences. From 4 *gns.* A.B., 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

RUSSELL SQUARE (50 yds.). Flats, unfurn. Private house. Garden square. Mod. rent. Box 7419.

The Life of Rear-Admiral John Paul Jones
By GEORGE R. PREEDY. *Herbert Jenkins.* 12s. 6d.

Paul Jones was a romantic figure, behaving in life so much like a figure in a Dumas novel that it is not surprising that Dumas used him. But it is much to Mr. Preedy's credit that in writing his biography he resists the obvious attempt to romanticise still further and produces instead a workmanlike record. Paul Jones, as the author remarks, followed the eighteenth century custom of keeping extensive diaries and memoranda for the purpose of writing his own autobiography. Mr. Preedy sensibly quotes them extensively and they give the character of the man more exactly than description could do—vain, self-conscious, with a touch, perhaps, of persecution mania. These are the qualities one would now expect of an adventurer. In a period peculiarly well adapted for such, Paul Jones appears true to type. The extravagances of daring, courage and fearlessness are balanced by the vanity and the sentimentality. Both sets of qualities were essential in the progress from slave-trader to admiral of the American Fleet and servant of the Empress of Russia. That he had a talent for intrigue goes without saying; that, equally, he should mask it behind protestations of openness and frankness is what one would expect. Without treating the history of the period very deeply, Mr. Preedy has written a brisk, efficient, readable, life.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

WE needs must love the highest when we hear it. At any rate it seems useless to continue to protest against the wastefulness of issuing set after set of the same work performed by different ensembles. In the case of chamber music there may be something to be said for the practice, since the difference between individual executants inevitably alters the spirit of the music. But where orchestras are concerned, the differences cannot be wide enough to provide an excuse for constant reduplication. Only last August Decca issued a set of Brahms' *Fourth Symphony* which should have satisfied anyone for the next four years, not to speak of the slightly older, but still excellent, sets conducted by Walter and Weingartner. Yet this month H.M.V. issue another, by the Saxon State Orchestra under Karl Böhm. I said something about the music on the last occasion and have nothing to add now. The new recording leaves little to be desired, but the performance errs on the side of dullness: Böhm is not an imaginative conductor and he fails to bring home the passionate and dangerous qualities of this work (both Walter and Sabata made far more of, for instance, that fine gesture which begins thirteen bars before F in the last movement). Just those qualities, pushed to their furthest romantic verge, show magnificently in Constant Lambert's version, for piano and orchestra, of Liszt's *Dante Sonata* (Col.). The Sadler's Wells Ballet, for which this arrangement was made, has lately given an unforgetable interpretation, full of a strange sadistic beauty, of this superbly thrilling rhapsody. The music is in any case thoroughly orchestral in feeling, and Constant Lambert has only followed the example of Liszt himself, in his concerto version of Schubert's *Wanderer Fantasie*, and of Busoni, in a similar arrangement of Liszt's *Spanish Rhapsody*, both of which works are generally agreed to be more effective in the concerto form. Constant Lambert has done his work with extraordinary skill; there are only a few passages in which I wish he had allowed the piano to be silent, instead of doubling the orchestral parts: at the beginning of side 4, for instance, the Paradiso motif is weakened and blurred by permitting the piano to "assist" the string tremolo. Louis Kentner and the Sadler's Wells Orchestra give a superb performance. This is a wonderful pair of records.

The *Dante Sonata*, for all its frenzied beauty, gives the listener an immediate desire for the purely classical—for a cherry tart, as it were, after an exceptionally ferocious curry. What, then, could be more appropriate than Mozart's *Symphony in E flat* (K.543)? Nothing; but alas! the new set, by Weingartner and the London Philharmonic (Col.), is most disappointing. The actual performance, which emphasises the neatness and collectedness of the music, would seem to be good; but the recording is viciously "American" and will produce distortion on all but very exceptional gramophones. Moreover, it is tediously unstereoscopic: the wood-wind parts do not stand out nearly enough. The old set (Walter and the B.B.C. Orchestra) is still far preferable to this. But if we have failed to find our classical refreshment here, we shall find it in a set, which seems to me beyond praise, of Haydn's *Harpsichord Concerto in D, op.* 21, played by Wanda Landowska and orchestra under Eugène Bigot (H.M.V.). Personally, I seldom care much for the harpsichord, because it is usually played as if it were a typewriter and thus sounds like one. But Mme. Landowska is a mistress of the art, her touch that of an expert knitter; note the effectiveness of the change-over from lower to upper keyboard and back in the final Rondo. The Larghetto is one of the most deeply felt movements Haydn ever wrote and the work as a whole will surely appeal to a very wide range of listeners. Those, on the other hand, who like their classicism to be of the unsmiling order, will want to possess the *Overture* to Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* (Wagner's version). This is proud, marmoreal music and the performance, by the Berlin Symphony Orchestra under Hermann Abendroth (Parl.), is a fine one, though the recording, which I suspect of being really far from new, is loud and relentless (fibre-users will probably have to give up the struggle here).

Though the Toscanini version was exceedingly brilliant, Sir Thomas Beecham's new recording, with the London Philharmonic, of Rossini's *Semiramide Overture* (Col.) will be welcome to many, for the detail is in some respects better and the recording is undoubtedly finer—in fact, very fine indeed. This is theatre music at its best, and it is hard to believe that the entire opera would not be well worth reviving over here, if we live to see better days. On side 4 is the ravishing little *Air de Ballet* from Grétry's *Zémire et Azor*. This composer's contemporaries used to say that one could drive a coach-and-four between his bass and treble parts, and any music student can imagine what his master in composition would say if he served this piece up to him as an exercise! But the proof of music is in the hearing and Grétry's thin, angular harmonies seem exactly to suit the far-away sadness—Berliozian in its strangeness—of this haunting little tune. The whole effect is lovely and satisfying as a pastoral by Fragonard.

There are few experiences more pleasant than being at last converted to a work of art one has disliked. Frederick Grinke and the Boyd Neel Orchestra have given me a new light on Vaughan-Williams' *The Lark Ascending* (Decca), which I had always considered a dull example of mannered modalism. So inspired is the beauty of this performance (and recording) that the poetical conception emerges with a most fascinating delicacy. It is not of Shelley that we are reminded here, but rather of some such lines as Housman's:

> Star and coronal and bell
> April under foot renews,
> And the hope of man as well
> Flowers among the morning dews.

To turn directly from this idyll to Johann Strauss's *Paroxysms Waltz* (what a title!) is to return to the city after a day on the Downs. This waltz is, however, a very charming example of its author's style. The recording, by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra under Howard Barlow (Col.), is much too dry, and the string players appear to have been furnished with nail-files in lieu of bows; but the conducting is exactly right and this makes the record worth buying, particularly as this waltz is, I should imagine, rarely heard nowadays. More rarely, I am sorry to say, than Gounod's *Funeral March of a Marionette*, a silly piece which receives far more than its due from Sir Henry Wood and the London Philharmonic (Col.); rather irritatingly, this is an absolute model of the recording art.

A disc I most heartily recommend is Chopin's *Introduction and Polonaise Brillante* for cello and piano (Decca). This is a very early work (Op. 3) and, like the *Rondo in C*, is in itself little more than a graceful salon piece; but the performers, William Pleeth and Margaret Good, displaying the same effortless brilliance as they lately did in their recording of the Mendelssohn cello sonatas, exact all possible charm from it. The same can be said of a 10-inch record by Eileen Joyce, containing Liszt's *Première Valse Oubliée* and Albeniz's *Tango*, op. 165, No. 2 (Parl.). The first will be familiar to lovers of the Sadler's Wells ballet, *Apparitions* (it occurs in the first tableau); it is an exquisite thing, but some will no doubt still prefer Emil Sauer's rendering of it.

Here are two exceptionally fine vocal records. One consists of three Brahms songs—"*Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen*," *Minnelied*, and "*Wie bist du, meine Königin?*"—sung by Herbert Janssen with Gerald Moore at the piano (H.M.V.). The first of these songs is particularly arresting and all too rarely heard. Janssen's singing is rich and beautifully phrased, the diction faultless. No one should let slip this record, which is of some importance in gramophone history. Almost equally good, from a vocal and recording point of view, is Giacomo Lauri-Volpi's singing of "*Un dì, all' azzuro spazio*" from Giordano's *Andrea Chenier*, and "*O Paradiso*" from Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*, accompanied by the Scala Orchestra (H.M.V.). Giordano is on the whole a medium composer and *Andrea Chenier* a very unequal opera; but the famous *arioso*, with its characteristically Latin rhetoric, is a genuine piece of inspiration, though not of the deep order, and aided by the singer's fine declamation it goes straight to the intended

PURELY PERSONAL

FOUND in London Taxi, box of 50 King Six Cigars. Will the owner kindly form a queue outside the Lost Property Office. While waiting, enjoy a single King Six for 7½d.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT RATES

2s. 3d. per line (or part-line) per insertion. Minimum two lines. A line averages eight words.

BOX NUMBERS. Add 1s. This charge includes forwarding of replies.

PAYMENT. All classified advertisements must be prepaid.

INSERTION. Under present conditions insertion cannot be guaranteed. Copy should arrive not later than first post Wednesday. *Earlier will help to ensure insertion.*

TYPES. Restricted to our usual settings. No borders.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the World costs: One year, post free, 30s. 0d. Six Months, post free, 15s. 0d. Three Months, post free, 7s. 6d.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted subject to the management's approval and right to amend or to refuse to insert any advertisement whether paid for or not.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, W.2. May 26th at 11, DR. NEEDHAM: "THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE AND THE SCIENTIFIC MIND." At 6.30, STANTON COIT: "THE NEW JUDAISM."

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, May 26th, at 11 a.m., DR. H. MANNHEIM: "THE NAZI PENAL SYSTEM." Admission free.

CONWAY HALL, W.C.1. Wednesday, May 29th, 7.30 p.m., OSCAR KÖLLERSTRÖM, "Functional Integration."

UNDER the auspices of the National Society of Non-Smokers, 20 Essex Street, Strand, a series of afternoon discussion meetings is being held at 5.30 p.m. on
THE NON-SMOKER AND THE MODERN WORLD
at Livingstone Hall, Westminster (nr. St. James Park Underground Station). Some special topics are:
30th May: *Tobacco and Parenthood.*
13th June: *Aesthetics of Smoking.*
27th June: *Money to Burn.*

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

INFORMATION given without fee on BOARDING SCHOOLS—CICELY C. WRIGHT, 4 York Road, Headington, Oxford.

PINEHURST, GOUDHURST, KENT. Safe area on Sussex border. Co-education 3 to 12 years. Food reform diet. Moderate fees. M. B. REID.

LONG DENE SCHOOL, Jordans, Bucks. Co-educational. 3 to 18. Sixty children. Keenly alive specialist staff. Food reform diet. Headmaster: JOHN GUINNESS, B.A. (Oxon.).

MALTMAN'S GREEN, Gerrard's Cross. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, M.A. Aim—to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative. Preparation for Universities, professions. 15 acres grounds.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-prep. Sch. All-year-round home. Sound early ed. Excep. health record. SEC.

KING ALFRED SCHOOL, Golders Green, is temporarily a "camp" school at Flint Hall Farm, Royston, Herts. Boys and girls from 5–18, boarding and day. Large country estate. Reduced fees. Apply SECRETARY.

BELTANE SCHOOL now at Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. Boys and girls from five to eighteen years. Economical running to meet wartime needs.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Little Gaddesden, Herts. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 5 to 14 years old. Inclusive boarding fee. Headmistress: MISS O. E. PRIESTMAN, B.A., N.F.U.

BYRON HOUSE SCHOOL (recognised by B. of E.) Co-educational day-school for children 3-13 years. Open at 5 North Grove, HIGHGATE, N.6 (MOU. 6403), and at The Orchard, Huntingdon Road, CAMBRIDGE (Tel. 3817), for both boarding and day children. Each section under responsible direction.

HOMER SCHOOL, IPSDEN, OXON. Safe Area. 10 Boarders, 10 Day children. Boys and girls, 5–12 years. All subs. Froebel methods. Qualified staff. Country life. Riding.

KESWICK SCHOOL, ENGLISH LAKES.
Co-educational, Boys and Girls, 6–19, New Hall and Labs. Three boarding houses. Children's house overlooking Lake. Fees £82.

OAKLEA, Buckhurst Hill (recog. B. of E.), now at NESS STRANGE, Nr. Shrewsbury, very safe area. Girls 7 to 19. P.N.E.U. programmes. Oxford Exam. Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

HAMPDEN SCHOOL (late 14 Holland Pk., W.11) now at the Chalet, Wytham Wood, Eynsham, Oxford, situated in a large and attractive private estate. Same progressive educational methods. Vacancies for children aged 2 to 10. Day children received from Oxford. For further information please apply LESLIE BREWER, Eynsham, 282.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH. A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Principals: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B.; MRS. LYN HARRIS, M.A.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13—environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Tel.: 224.

HURTWOOD SCHOOL, Peaslake, Guildford. Tel.: Abinger 119. Co-educational from 3 years. Modern building in healthy safe surroundings. Two vacancies for Boarders 12-14 years.

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL (recognised by the Board of Education), home-like atmosphere. Principal: ANNA ESSINGER, M.A., Otterden, Kent.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, Wedderburn Road, Hampstead, now at Sunnydale, Torcross, S. Devon. Boys and girls, 4–16. Emphasis on languages. Special teaching methods. Modern dietary. MRS. E. PAUL, Ph.D.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Kingwell Hall, Timsbury, nr. Bath. Phone: Tims. 71. Boys and girls receive home care term and holidays, modern teaching, home grown food, swimming pool, large grounds. Apply Principal.

MATHEMATICS coaching for Matriculation. J. B. RUSTOMJEE, 2 Carlingford Road, N.W.3. Ham. 0210.

FRENCH Lady, University Degree, gives lessons, grammar, conversation. MME. PICARD, 14 Sheffield Terrace, W.8.

SPECIALISED TRAINING

ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE
Complete Teachers' Training for Girls in all Branches of Physical Education, Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, etc. Recognised training centre for London University Diploma in Physical Education, and Certificate of the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
Apply: SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

A DEGREE FOR YOU! Lond. Univ. degree candidates over 23 may take shorter Special Entrance instead of Matric. exam. Wolsey Hall will prepare you by post. Free loan of books; tuition continued *free* if you fail; low fees. 959 Successes at Sp. Ent.—Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD. (Est. 1894)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

CITY OF LEICESTER.

CURATOR, MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY

Applications are invited for the appointment of CURATOR of the MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY at a commencing salary of £750 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to £850 per annum.
The appointment is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.
Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, and endorsed "Curator of the Museum and Art Gallery," must be received by the undersigned not later than the 17th June, 1940.
Canvassing in any form will be a disqualification.
Town Hall, Leicester, 18th May, 1940. L. McEVOY, Town Clerk.

FABIAN SOCIETY.

Immediate applications are invited for a post involving research and enquiry into Anglo-French relationships, present and future. The post demands the ability to speak and write French well. Applicants should be keen members of the Labour Party. The appointment will be for one year, salary £200–£250, according to qualifications and experience. Apply for particulars to the General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. Applications should be sent in by June 10th.

NURSERY SCHOOL TEACHER required in September, trained or with some experience, for small private open-air class. Country. Southern Ireland. Mornings only at first. Must be musical, adaptable, used country life. Some knowledge modern psychology. Any nationality. Write fully stating age, salary, education, experience. Box 7454.

COMPANION-HELP wanted for elderly but bright and active widow (Jewish). Willing to assist in shop. Comfortable working-class home (S.E. London) for right person—might suit widow with one child. Box 7471.

BIOLOGIST. Keen teacher and field naturalist, with exp. progressive schools, wants permanent post Sept. Eton scholar, Cambridge, research. 3 years' teaching. Box 7477.

STUDENT, Sociology, Psychology, French, exempt Army, seeks whole or part-time work. Pref. London. Box 7456.

C.O. (27) seeks work until tribunal. Ten years advertising. editorial layout, art work. Can draw, drive, type, etc, HIBBS, Dry Cottage, Cookham Dean, Berks.

YOUNG mother and 4-year-old daughter (if possible) would like to help country guest house, etc. Box 7472.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

DUPLICATING, TYPEWRITING, SHORTHAND by experts. METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOLborn 6182.

TYPEWRITING of all descriptions including French, Italian and German. LADbroke 1378 after 7 p.m.

FIRST-CLASS typewriting and duplicating, etc. MABEL EYLES, 51 Ruskin Walk, S.E.24. BRIxton 2863.

INTELLIGENT Typing: novels, plays, theses, French. Grmtd checked. Keen prices. LEE, 18 King's Drive, Edgware. 1046.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES, and any other Books Bought for Cash. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET, E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)

READ *Britain is Pawned!* (by Vincent Pantin). The author opposes the present budgetary system whereby a lien against future taxation is created in favour of lenders *to* the State, and claims that a surplus (derived from direct taxation) should be loaned to borrowers *from* the State; the interest derived from this National Asset finally making taxation unnecessary. (P. S. King and Son, Ltd., 5s.)

PERSONAL

W.1. Artist (30) offers simply furnished room, sharing kitchen, bath, 'phone. 15s. 6d. Box 7424.

FAMILY or individuals, wishing to reduce living expenses, invited to join few others for long stay or holidays in attractive modern country house, safe area, (Berkshire). Delightful grounds and surroundings: swimming, sunbathing, tennis, golf, riding, etc. Box 7483.

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS DONE QUICKLY by R.A. exhibitor, crayons. £5 5s. Primrose 0579.

WHITSTABLE. Sea-front cottage. 19s. Write: Margarets, Doddington, Kent.

TOM LONG here and TOM LONG there,
Acclaimed by smokers everywhere.

MONOMARK holders have a Confidential Town address. 5s. p.a. Write BM/MONO12, W.C.1.

FOREIGN ACCENT ELIMINATED — GLADYS NYREN, L.R.A.M. (Elocution). 162, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 682

A TRIUMPH of BRITISH ENTERPRISE! 'ASPRO' Record of SERVICE to The PEOPLE

'ASPRO' healing service goes on apace. The phenomenal winter demand broke all records. Floods of testimony from grateful users prove the great part 'ASPRO' played in smashing the 'flu epidemic, saving people lying up and keeping the wheels of industry turning.
Vast 'ASPRO' expansion has also taken place in overseas markets. The latest news of its conquest by healing service comes from Egypt and India. In Egypt 'ASPRO' has been acclaimed and welcomed by all, rendering yeoman service during the dengue fever and 'flu epidemics. 'ASPRO' has achieved success there in two years which the most optimistic thought would take ten. India, where 'ASPRO' was recently introduced, is rapidly following suit and reports are coming in eulogising the quick action, service and safety of 'ASPRO'. Yet the secret of 'ASPRO' success is simple, just healing and soothing away the pain of millions by simple means and without harmful after-effects. As 'ASPRO', after ingestion in the system, is an internal antiseptic and germicide, a solvent of uric acid and an antipyretic or fever-reducer, it dispels the root causes of much suffering and gives tremendous help to Nature's healing forces.

THE PEOPLE'S WORD PROVES 'ASPRO' CLAIMS!

'ASPRO' GIVES RELIEF— OTHER MEDICINES FAIL

205 Rue Emad ed Din, Cairo.

Dear Sir,
On my behalf and on behalf of all those who use 'ASPRO' I have to offer you my warm thanks for all the troubles from which the public is at last set free. I had a severe headache and I tried other medicines but was unable to obtain relief. A friend came to my office and seeing me suffering from this painful headache he advised me to buy 'ASPRO'. The minute I took 'ASPRO' I felt myself newly born, relieved from all pain. I feel myself in debt towards you therefore, I have to thank you, and advise all who suffer in a similar way not to forget 'ASPRO'.
Respectfully yours,
(Signed) YOUSIF AZOURY

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority

Made in England by
ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks. Tel.: Slough 22381.
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula
ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

PRICES 3D · 6D · 1/3 2/6

spot. The Meyerbeer falls short of complete success; Lauri-Volpi does not achieve the velvety quality of Caruso's rendering of this aria, and his *fortissimi* are unsuitably savage.

Finally, *The Beggar's Opera* (H.M.V.). A more welcome set of records would be hard to imagine at the present time. Moderately priced, admirably sung and recorded, they have all the qualities we English value in music—limpidity, lovely simple tunes, humour, sentiment, high spirits, lack of exaggeration. I have often wondered why more fuss has not been made over Frederic Austin's masterly score; there is scarcely a dull page in it, the taste displayed is perfect, the instrumentation worthy of Sullivan at his best, and there are countless little touches of subtlety in the ornamentation which must delight any musician. (It is interesting, by the way, to notice the quite appropriate influence of Elgar throughout, especially in the Interlude and *O what pain it is to part*). Michael Redgrave manages, by combining a light voice with perfect diction, to convey the maximum of black-sheep charm. Miss Audrey Mildmay's voice is, of course, better than that, but one cannot hear more than a few of her words; however, she makes *O ponder well* and *Cease your funning* sound touchingly lovely. When one has added the famous Glyndebourne chorus, other singers such as Linda Gray, Constance Willis and Roy Henderson, and an adequate orchestra, it should be apparent that this is a set which will not soon be superseded. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 537

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for the best anecdote which breaks off at a crucial point. Competitors are restricted to 250 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 31st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 535

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for a passage of invective on any contemporary figure in the style of Pope on Sporus or Dryden on Zimri. Competitors are reminded that there is a law of libel; their victim's identity should be hidden by a pseudonym, although recognisable by the initiated. No entry must exceed 20 lines.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

This competition evidently missed the moment. The heroic couplet is admirably suited to private invective or to minor public hates. But such major subjects of detestation as present events provide are not so easily brought within its compass.

Geo. T. Lewis began well with

> Ere from Vienna's gate the Huns retired,
> Some camp-borne follower a rascal sired;
> Whose blood (ignoble stream!) meandered down
> And gathered every taint of punk and lown:

And Hassall Pitman provided another opening which did not end as well as it began:

> Now Bullafont heaves in his ponderous weight,
> The foremost bully in a braggart state.
> Plumed like a peacock strutting in display
> And changing robes a dozen times a day.

Among those who vented their venom against minor subjects I liked Richard Blomfield on Duplex, and Charles Furbank on Arsa—"a book society mayor":

> Whose empty head finds genius everywhere.
> Then, for return, bares his obliging back
> Till sharp caresses come from every hack.

And Tapdancer on a Minister:

> From post to post he glides and leaves behind
> A slug-like trail that's always silver-lined.
> No matter what department he may hold
> With perfect incapacity he's bold. . . .

R. B. S. Instone came very near, but there were too many bad lines interspersed with the good ones:

> . . . His golden Heart untarnish'd still by Age
> Tir'd Calvus next was usher'd off the Stage . . .
> Ere his Lips were Seal'd
> Each Thought he made two Platitudes to yield.
> Good-nature's Nat'ral, formulating best
> What oft was wish'd but ne'er so oft express'd;
> Not plainly seeking nor averse from Fame,
> He play'd too well the gentlemanly Game. . . .
> See how the kindly anti-intellectual
> Found Inefficiency for years effectual,
> For Years, lest Reason rear her ugly Head,
> Rejoicing that we muddled through instead!

Finally I recommend that the first prize should go to Obispo for his Drydenesque and the second to J. W. F. Hurford.

FIRST PRIZE

In the front rank see holy *Jonah* stand,
The saintly smile, the sly smirk at command,
Who can *Jehovah's* faithful slave condemn,
The sleekest *Levite* in *Jerusalem?*
The zealous servant of his jealous Lord,
The fervent preacher of his Master's word?
Yet in the *Sanhedrim*, where high debate
Ranges o'er Politick and affairs of State,
Ashdod and *Ascalon* he lauds on high,
And raises *Baal-zebub* to the sky;
Gaza's the earthly paradise, and *Gath*
The heaven of the *Proletariath;*
Astarte's charms he lovingly portrays,
And acclaims *Dagon* Ancient of Days;
Philistia is his theme, his joy, his song;
Who dares admit *Philistia* can do wrong?
On *Judah's* shores though cruelly opprest
The Worker and the Peasant *there* are blest.
And so he struts and postures on the scene,
The pious Atheist, the godless Dean.

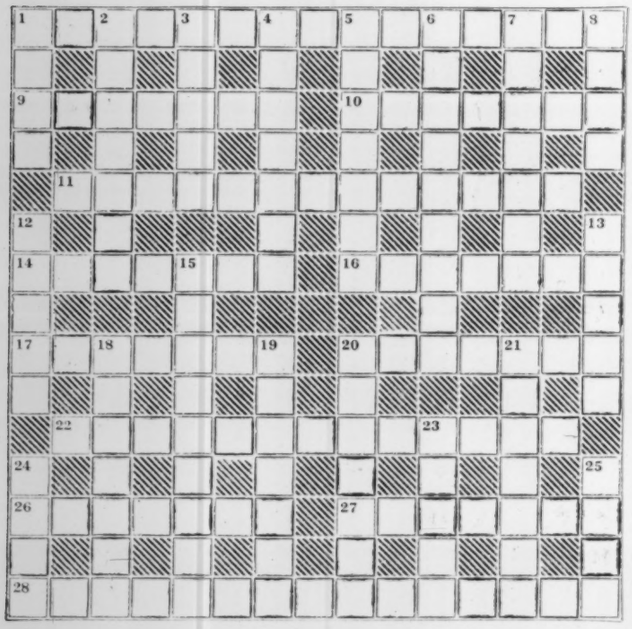
OBISPO

SIR JANUS

For what seemed endless years the tired fool
His country's Judas and the strong man's tool
Has hourly let each breach of freedom pass
And gladly eaten dust to save his class.
But now by circumstance compelled to bend
Looks round on the betrayed to find a friend.
A friend! The pious thug, does he not know
No grapes on thorns nor figs on thistles grow?
And to find friends on grounds of chances missed
Is like Iscariot waiting to be kissed.
A careless man who lives from day to day
Content to lick the dust and crawl away.
An aged man whose eyes will never see
His ghastly harvest for posterity.
A clever man who simulates the fool
To keep th' oppressed still subject to his rule.
A wicked man who can no longer keep
His station, but on edge of crowds will creep—
So that disaster if it e'er descends
Falls not on him but on?—aye on his friends.

J. W. F. HURFORD

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 533. *Set by L.-S.*



Last week's winner: Mrs. Ard, Palahaigh, Etchingham, Sussex

ACROSS

1. Many are glad to be overcome by them on winter nights.
9. Massive volufnes so to speak.
10. He goes on the way to work.
11. Converse of summer houses?
14. It would be a long job collaring this beast.
16. He will answer for you.
17. With age and envy was grown into a hoop.
20. Able work by a star performer.
22. Modern street light.
26. Not the waves one can brush into place.
27. Kinglike, but in an inhuman way.
28. Is she taken on when the office is understaffed?

DOWN

1. She's the signal for one of her middle letters.
2. Not the record of a common lodging house in France.
3. You can put it down as rot.
4. Irregular verbs in Old English.
5. Ancient invaders get roped in, as it were, nautically
6. Lifting movements.
7. It might have been what L.-S meant.
8. This paper was not produced by a French novelist
12. When the bag is turned out it appears you will find it.
13. Puzzling words.
15. Flaming device of a little bird.
18. Capital in British colony.
19. The King is back on the Continent.
20. Called for an egg.
21. Before church father is, I conclude.
23. The Do-X made it a glorious tribute.
24. In case you can find them.
25. Inclined to be ours of course.

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

L		P		L		P	L	A	T	E	R	A	C	K
O	I	L	C	A	K	E		H		E		H		
O		A		M		T		M	I	N	T	M	A	N
S	E	G	M	E	N	T			S		R		R	
E		I		N		Y		S	T	R	E	E	T	S
C	A	U	S	T	I	C			L		A		E	
A		M		S		A	N	T	E	A	T	E	R	S
S						S		R						T
H	O	R	S	E	S	H	O	E		F		C		O
	R		P		T			A	I	R	S	H	I	P
A	L	L	O	V	E	R		D		I		I		T
	A		N		R			M	I	D	R	A	S	H
S	N	I	G	G	L	E		I		A		N		I
	D		E		E			L	A	Y	E	T	T	E
T	O	A	D	S	T	O	O	L		S		I		F

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED

LORD McGOWAN'S ADDRESS

The 13th annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held on Thursday at Queen's Hall, London, W.

The Right Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D. (the Chairman), in the course of his speech, said: When the Germans marched into Czechoslovakia in March, 1939, we became more acutely apprehensive of the future, and shortly afterwards appointed an Emergency Committee to review the incidence of war on our productive resources, sources and stocks of raw materials, links with other manufacturers, the effects on our export trade, and so forth. Large additions were made to stocks which enabled us to increase production for national purposes immediately war was declared. We asked our principal associated and subsidiary companies overseas also to direct their attention to the problems which would arise and co-operated with them in arrangements for meeting war conditions. The Committee also reviewed the methods and effects of the official controls which would be inevitable.

These plans were rapidly put into force in the closing days of August, when certainty was overtaking apprehension. They proved of the greatest possible service to us during the months which followed the actual outbreak of war. The factories were enabled to continue operations without serious interruption. Evacuation of our staff at the head office at Millbank was effected without a hitch. A number of staff were transferred to the various Operating Groups and the remainder to offices outside London.

Price Policy

We were aware before the war began of the heavy additional cost that its shadow had already caused and after September this expenditure mounted rapidly. Most of the increases in the prices of raw materials have been attributable, directly or indirectly, to higher freight rates and war risk insurance. Generally speaking, overseas producers of our raw materials did not exploit the situation in any undue degree, but they had no control over transport or exchange, and increases in costs were substantial.

It so happened also that we had agreed with the Trade Unions for a general advance in wages which was to come into effect half in October, 1939, and half in April, 1940. These conditions, coupled with the heavy burden of premiums for war risks insurance, specially concentrated our attention on our price policy. We determined that we would maintain existing price levels as long as possible. There was immediate evidence that the factories would be hard pressed for deliveries and we therefore decided to rely on the counterbalancing effect on costs of this increase in volume.

It is our practice, under standing contracts with our customers, to fix towards the close of each year the prices of many of our main products for the following calendar year. When we had to come to a decision in this matter in November last, we made such forecasts as were possible, and determined that the price policy we had adopted should be adhered to, subject to the modification that, where returns had been unremunerative, prices should be altered to correct that position. But because it was impossible to forecast with any certainty the trend of volume, or costs generally, we took steps to announce standard advances in price, not to become effective until circumstances demanded it. As a result, industry has enjoyed a continuation of the prices of our principal chemical products which were in force at the outbreak of war. I am glad to say that so far no general increase has been made. Our customers have expressed great appreciation of this policy.

Importance of Exports

There is one considerable exception, namely, the export trade. Not only has it been our duty to maintain and expand, wherever possible, the volume of our exports, but it has been consistent with the national interest to adjust prices to a reasonable extent, without prejudicing volume. Every additional pound of foreign exchange that can be secured in this way serves to enlarge the volume of imports for war purposes which H.M. Government can obtain. I may say that our larger gross profits this year spring in some considerable measure from more profitable export business.

As a concern which trades in most of the markets of the world, and one which for certain products in this country is the major, if not the sole, manufacturer, it has long been the practice of the company and its predecessors to maintain spare productive capacity. It is our rule that we can never afford to let our customers down. That has often necessitated capital expenditure in anticipation of demand, with the possibility, and sometimes the actuality, that forecasts of demand ran ahead of subsequent events, so that the capital invested in these plants has lain unemployed for a time. In the chemical industry units of plant are often so large that they involve not only heavy capital expenditure, but require a considerable period of time for construction. This time element forbids us to wait. We must act in advance. But in exceptional circumstances, when demand takes an abrupt upward turn, this course brings its own reward. At the present time all such spare capacity is in full production and in almost every plant the pressure has been continual for more and more supplies. It brings with it, of course, much greater mental and nervous strain on the staff and workers who are responsible for operations. I would pay a high tribute to their loyal efforts.

Home Affairs

Our relations with H.M. Government have grown steadily closer throughout the year. We have been entrusted with a very considerable volume of work in erecting factories, which has set us numerous problems. It has meant heavy calls upon our staff, many of whom we have had to detach entirely for national purposes. We have also undertaken to operate a substantial number of agency factories for the Government. We have endeavoured—I think with success—to give every possible assistance that we could to the various Government Departments. The work that we have undertaken has, on the whole, progressed very smoothly. Our officers have worked in the most friendly co-operation with those of H.M. Government.

Perhaps you would permit me here to refer to the advantage that flows to-day from the formation of this Company, as well as from our continued efforts over the past 13 years to mould its huge organisation into a form best to fit it, not only successfully to carry on in times of peace a great essential industry, but also to be a vital national instrument in time of war. Without that, your Company's organisation could not contribute what to-day it is able to offer to the national need.

Overseas Affairs

In my remarks last year on our export business I referred to the many difficulties met with in the overseas markets and to the importance of these being overcome in order to find a continuing outlet for British goods abroad. The vital necessity for expanding exports at that time rested mainly on the increasingly unfavourable balance of trade of this country and the danger of its repercussions on unemployment and the standard of living.

These considerations still exist, and, under war conditions, they are reinforced by two other factors. In the first place the war potential of this country can only be brought to its maximum pitch by importations of both raw materials and industrial products on a vast scale which to a large extent have to be paid for at the time of importation. The need for increased exports to pay for these imports, therefore, is greatly accentuated.

In the second place, the conditions under which this war is being fought have resulted in Germany, one of the largest producers and exporters of industrial products, being cut off more or less completely from her former overseas markets. On the one hand, this situation lays on Great Britain a responsibility to ensure that essential supplies are forthcoming for those markets, while, on the other hand, it opens up an opportunity for the establishment of new export business which may be of the utmost value in the after-war years.

Research and Development.

The outbreak of war has wrought many changes in our research activities by altering the emphasis on the various problems we had in hand, but it has not in any way reduced the necessity for maintaining our total volume of research, but rather the contrary.

In the first place, the call to produce materials for the direct use of the fighting Services, materials which may in some cases be new, or in others be old but needed in greatly increased quantities, has presented us with many technical problems of the highest urgency. It is fortunate that we have a large and efficient research organisation in being, which is capable of dealing quickly and effectively with such problems as they arise.

In the second place, we have had to devise processes and start the manufacture of a very considerable number of essential chemicals which, up to the outbreak of war, were mainly imported. I look forward to considerable developments in this field.

Thirdly, we are concerned in a number of investigations which are calculated to increase the national reserves and to fortify the resistance of the nation to war conditions. Your Board have decided to give every support possible to research of this character.

Finally, we regard it as being of the utmost importance that work on the more promising of our long distance problems should be vigorously maintained so that when we again return to peace we may still hold our place in the front rank. It is difficult to picture the conditions of trade that will follow the war, but there is little doubt that they will present many complications. It is our business to make preparations now to ensure that, whatever may befall, Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, has the latest scientific knowledge, the most modern technical equipment, and the most efficient processes with which to meet the facts of the time.

Staff and Labour

The number of our staff and workers in Great Britain reached approximately 75,000 at the end of 1939, or 10 per cent. more than a year ago. That figure is exclusive of those servants of the Company now with H.M. Forces, of whom there were serving at the end of March 7,217, consisting of 1,320 members of the staff and 5,897 workers. They will I am sure have your best wishes and thoughts during the dreadful ordeal of modern war. We have also placed at the service of H.M. Government many of our senior officials.

The introduction of a large number of personnel, unfamiliar with our work and our traditions, has given rise to many problems, all of which have been smoothly overcome. Many of our staff and workers have been transferred from our own factories to Government factories as a trained nucleus for operation purposes. That number I expect will continue to expand.

It is difficult for me to give full praise to the services rendered last year by our staff and workers, both at home and abroad, especially during the war months. Their keenness, loyalty and application under new conditions of great strain and discomfort, arising not only from the black-out and evacuation, but from the high pressure at which all the offices and factories have been continually worked, could not have been surpassed. In every rank and in every factory they have devoted themselves ungrudgingly to the national interests.

We have always been sensible of the importance of our staff and workers sharing in the progress and stability of industry—that is not only a social advantage but an economic necessity. The costs of industry are part of the national purchasing power from which industry derives its own receipts. We have, therefore, consistently sought to keep our wage levels in due relation to the Company's position.

Our contacts with the Trade Unions have been closely maintained and it is again a pleasure for me this year to recognise the spirit of co-operation in which they have helped us and the broad and equitable judgments which they have brought to the mutually satisfactory solution of these problems. We could not be so successful in this field without that valuable help from them on which we can always rely.

We have given our cordial support to the War Savings campaign. A National Savings Group

(*Continued on page 687.*)

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

PANIC ON WALL STREET—GERMAN OIL SUPPLIES—OIL DIVIDENDS—MR. ATTLEE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE

WHEN bombs drop on harmless civilians and their property, when armoured tanks rush through the peaceful countryside, one must expect security owners to prefer cash, even if cash means nothing without victory. Wall Street has borne the brunt of the world investment panic, for it is the only market left with a semblance of liquidity. The London Stock Exchange has become only a nominal market, which means that brokers can only sell securities for their clients by negotiation with the jobbers. The gilt-edged market has fallen quietly and in orderly fashion to half a point or more above its new minimum prices. More speculative markets, such as home rails, lacking the cushion of minimum prices, have fallen with a nasty bump. For example, stocks such as L.M.S. 1923 Preference have slumped five points in two days, and at the present price of 35 are actually twenty points below their level at the end of last month. Sound, marketable shares like Imperial Tobacco and Imperial Chemical Industries had to stand a good deal of selling, but the declines have been orderly and not catastrophic. To observe catastrophe we must return to Wall Street. The bad war news of Tuesday afternoon caused an avalanche of selling, not only from the Dutch, Belgian and other Continental panickers, but from the Far East. Steel and aircraft common shares met with special trouble (Bethlehem Steel, for example, fell ten points in the first hour), and at times trading in certain stocks was suspended owing to the scarcity of bids. 3,940,000 shares changed hands in the day and the Dow Jones industrial index of common shares closed 8.3 down at 114. There was some recovery at the close, and if better news is received from the front in Northern France Wall Street may have as sensational a recovery as it had a fall. But for the moment British investors who still have American stocks unrequisitioned in their portfolios might well ignore the indecent panics of Wall Street.

* * *

Oil is generally in the news in May, this being the dividend season for oil companies, but our first thoughts must be for the oil situation at the fighting, not the investment, front. Any hopes we may have had that Germany would soon be running short of oil in the new phase of total war must be dismissed as idle. It is estimated by the Petroleum Press Service that the Germans can count on an oil supply of 6,000,000 tons or more this year in addition to their accumulated stocks. This enormous total is made up of 1,200,000 tons current oil production from Poland and Germany, 3,000,000 tons from the hydrogenation of brown coal, 1,500,000 tons from Rumania and the balance from Russia. Seeing that the peacetime consumption of the Greater Reich, amounting to about 7,000,000 tons, included an appreciable military consumption and some stocking up, it will be appreciated that the German armies cannot be short of oil for some time to come if civilian consumption has been cut to the negligible. Moreover, the mechanised hordes of the new Attila move at such a speed that a certain amount of oil loot must fall into their hands. It is difficult to say how much oil they captured in Holland. The Dutch were presumably holding over 500,000 tons in storage. A large part must have been destroyed and the R.A.F. have since been blowing up tanks and refineries in Rotterdam, but it is still possible that the Germans have gained oil on balance in their invasion of the Low Countries.

* * *

Burmah Oil started the dividend season happily by repeating the final 16 per cent. of the previous year, making 21 per cent., and at 3½ the shares, allowing for Dominion income tax relief, afford the satisfactory yield of 7½ per cent. gross. But Burmah Oil must look forward to a lower investment income this year, for the directors of Shell Transport and Anglo-Iranian are bound to be very conservative in declaring their final dividends, which are due to be paid next month. Before the invasion of Holland I had been inclined to expect a final dividend of 10 per cent. in each case, but I think shareholders would now be wise not to anticipate more than 7½ per cent. The following yields would then be afforded :

	1938 Div. %	Est. 1939 Div. %	Price	Est. Gross. Div. Yield %
Anglo-Iranian £1	20	12½	2⅞	£5 5 3
Burmah Oil £1 ...	21	21*	3½	£7 10 0†
Shell Transport £1 ...	20‡	12½‡	3	£6 12 6

*Actual. † Allowing for Dominion Income Tax Relief. ‡ Tax Free.

It may be optimistic even to estimate more than 5 per cent. as the final dividend of Anglo-Iranian and Shell Transport, making 10 per cent. for the year. Even on 12½ per cent. the yields afforded are not high and I am therefore forced to the conclusion that these oil shares may fall further. But shareholders may take comfort from the fact that the great oilfields of Anglo-Iranian and Royal Dutch-Shell cannot be touched by the German hordes in Europe. That Russia may try to seize the oilfields in Iran, or that Japan may pounce upon the oil of the Dutch East Indies is, I suppose, a possibility that investors must face, but one bridge at a time—even if it is blown up.

* * *

Since writing this paragraph of gloomy investment counsel, I have been wonderfully cheered by Mr. Attlee's speech on the State control of all persons and property. Obviously it was necessary to have powers to conscript property if labour is to be conscripted and no equity shareholder would raise a murmur against a 100 per cent. Excess Profits Tax who feels that it is indecent to make excessive or excess profits out of the struggle for our national existence. Whether the market would look at it in this cheerful way was anybody's guess, but—hats off to the City—the Gilt Edged market responded with an immediate bound, old War Loan rising over two points to 99¼. Jobbers rightly took the view that the sweeping powers which the Government had assumed over the banks and private wealth in general could only tend to make more effective the Treasury control of the Gilt Edged market. It was, in other words, a signal for the jobbers to buy stocks they were short of and not to go short in future. Even the friendless Home Railway market took heart and rises of 2 to 3 points were seen in the depressed junior Preference Stocks, L.M.S. (1923) Preference jumping to 37½. Equity shares were at first inclined to fall, but even they improved as hopefulness began to spread throughout the Stock Exchange. Actually I do not know of any important equity share which was likely to benefit from the distribution of excess profits under the old rule. The Limitation of Dividends Bill and the natural conservativeness of directors had already made investors realise that no increase in dividends could be expected during the war. There still remains, however, one group of companies which Mr. Attlee or the Chancellor must give his attention to, namely, the stable prosperous companies in the consumption goods trades, which have virtually no excess profits tax to pay, and are contributing too little by way of National Defence Contribution. It is not enough to have equal sacrifice between labour and capital; we must have equal sacrifice among shareholders.

DOUBLE! DOUBLE! SHAVE YOUR STUBBLE...

Thrice the morn-alarm has shrilled
Thrice and once a wife complained . .
Conscience cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time!

Round about the bathroom go
In the silver'd mirror show
Chin that only yestermorn
Close and carefully was shorn
Fearsome bristles now has got
To mow them is thy cursed lot.
Double! Double! Shave your stubble
P.D.'s Cream will save you trouble!

Heirloom of ancestral ape,
Hermit's refuge in escape,
Badge of sage and artist's joy,
Urchin's joke and stripling's toy,
Symbol of patricians haughty,
Bluebeard's fame and Van Dyck's forte,
For a growth of powerful trouble
Nothing beats the morning stubble.
Double! Double! Shave your stubble
P.D.'s Cream will save you trouble!

● *Suppose you try Parke-Davis Shaving Cream? You'll face shaving with a smile when you get to know its rich creamy lather and the wonderful shaves it gives. Chemists sell large 1s. 6d. tubes.*

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

(*Continued from page* 685)

has been formed to embrace all the works and offices of our organisation throughout the United Kingdom, in connection with which arrangements have been made for instalment payments by deduction from weekly and monthly remuneration. A large number of our employees have already become members. When so many who are near and dear to us are staking their lives in the colossal battle which is still raging in France and Belgium, the least we who are working on the home front can do is to curb our own expenditure to the minimum and put every remaining penny into the national finance.

Financial Position

The consolidated accounts combine the assets and liabilities of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited and 118 subsidiary companies. The total gross income amounts to £15,343,000, compared with £10,463,000 in 1938, or an increase of nearly 50 per cent. Practically the whole of this gain arises from the first item, manufacturing and trading profits less losses, which has risen from £9,023,000 to £13,701,000. The substantial growth is to be attributed entirely to the great development in the volume of our business and more profitable export trade. The net consolidated income for the year amounted to £7,678,000 as against £7,282,000, or an increase of £396,000. You will therefore see that an increase in the gross income of £4,880,000 is reduced in terms of net income to £396,000. Practically all that we have gained has disappeared. The chief explanation is to be found in the three items of taxation, miscellaneous expenditure and obsolescence and depreciation.

In the consolidated balance sheet the figures are largely self-explanatory and there are few changes of any moment. The important aspects of this statement are, I think, to be found in a comparison of our current assets with our current liabilities and in the amount of the surplus of assets over liabilities and share capital. This year our current assets are just over £43 million, as against our current liabilities of £22½ million. There is a surplus of over £20 million. Our stocks have risen substantially. Rising values of stocks have an element of danger in them for there can be few who remember the Great War who will not be conscious of the heavy slump in the value of stocks that took place following its termination. We are watching this item carefully, and it may be that if prices of materials continue their present upward trend we shall have to make appropriate reserve provisions against the possibility of a repetition of events.

Turning now to the surplus of assets over liabilities and share capital—an item which excludes the interest of external shareholders in subsidiary companies—you will see that it has risen in the year from £13,281,000 to £14,666,000. In the main the increase of £1,385,000 represents our reserve allocations. We shall hope to see progress in this item from year to year.

The profit and loss account shows you that, bringing in the balance brought forward from 1938 of £621,000, the total amount disposable was £7,934,000. After providing for the Workers' Pension Fund, which this year calls for £180,000 as compared with £173,000 last year, the board appropriated £375,000 to the general reserve and £1,000,000 to a war contingency reserve. This left a balance of £6,379,000. After payment of the preference dividend of £1,666,000 and an interim dividend of 3 per cent. paid on the 1st December last of £1,512,000, your board recommend a final dividend of 5 per cent. on the ordinary stock, which, with the 3 per cent. interim dividend already paid, makes a total dividend for the year of 8 per cent. on that stock. The final dividend, which will be paid on the 1st July, 1940, requires a sum of £2,520,000, which will leave to be carried forward to 1940 £681,000, or £60,000 more than the amount brought in.

Prospects for 1940

The few sentences on the prospects for 1940 with which I had intended to conclude this address have been out-dated by the passage into law yesterday of the new Emergency Powers (Defence) Act. It gives power by Order in Council to make regulations requiring all persons to place themselves, their services and their property at the disposal of the Crown. All of us will welcome these powers, but it will be as clear to you as to me that their effect on the Company cannot be foreseen. You will gather from what I have already said that since last September the whole strength of our organisation has been ungrudgingly devoted to whatever services we could render H.M. Government. What further may now be required of the Company will be most willingly given, and in this we know we shall have your fullest and most loyal support.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

MARKS AND SPENCER

LIMITED

MR. SIMON MARKS' REVIEW.

THE Fourteenth Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer Limited was held on Tuesday last.

Mr. Simon Marks (Chairman and Managing Director) presided.

The Chairman in the course of his speech said :—

One of your Directors. the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, P.C., M.P., has had the signal honour to be invited to join Mr. Churchill's Cabinet as Secretary of State for India. His acceptance of Cabinet Office involves his resignation from the Board. We regret the loss of his collaboration, which has been much valued by his colleagues, and we wish him every success in the great task which he has undertaken.

In November last the Board appointed as a Director Mr. J. Edward Sieff who has occupied a responsible position with the Company for a number of years. This appointment will prove of advantage to the Company.

Government. Limitation of Dividends

The Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced in the Budget certain limitations upon the amount which Companies will during the War be entitled to distribute by way of dividend on Ordinary Share Capital. It has, therefore, become necessary for the Board to modify its original recommendation so that the total distribution your Board now propose for the year is 38½ per cent. or 1/11 per share, absorbing a gross sum of £493,322 instead of £581,416 referred to in the Report.

Allocation of Profits

The profit for the past year amounted to £2,379,000. There has to be deducted, on account of Income Tax and E.P.T. a total of £1,166,000, leaving a balance of £1,213,000. Adding the balance brought forward from last year of £98,000 makes a total of £1,311,000.

After the payment of dividends on Preference Shares, and the Interim Dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares, there is left a balance of £889,000. In lieu of the recommendations in their printed Report, the Directors now recommend the following appropriations :—

Staff Benevolent and Pensions Fund	£25,000
Debenture Redemption Fund ..	£13,000
Final Dividend on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Shares	£493,000
Transfer to Income Tax Account ..	£33,000
The carrying forward of	£325,000

Reserves

We have built up a General Reserve of £2,150,000, a Freehold Properties Depreciation Reserve of £376,802, whilst the Properties Contingency Reserve stands at £238,375. We do not propose, this year, to add to these Reserves.

Depreciation and Repairs to Properties

Depreciation and repairs to properties this year absorbs £481,203 as against £431,045. We have written off the whole of the capital cost of Air Raid Shelters, amounting to a net figure of £86,000.

Balance Sheet

Trade Creditors have risen to £648,000 against £473,000, due to the stock in trade we are carrying, which amounts to £2,234,000, an increase on last year of £591,000.

Cash in hand stands at £1,760,000 compared with £935,000 a year ago.

Supplies

During the last few years we have given special attention to the development of our Food Departments. The large expansion of volume of sales of foodstuffs has proved that the public welcomes this development, and has confidence in our quality and value.

Staff

Our Staff have responded with loyalty and devotion to additional tasks and responsibilities. I would like to express our thanks to them for the manner in which they have discharged their duty. Out of a total of 2,000 men, 550 are serving in H.M. Forces, and a further 400 have registered, or will register before the end of the month. We recognise that with the return of Peace it will be our duty, as it is our desire, to take back into our service those who have joined the Forces. We wish them all good fortune and a safe return. We are supplementing the pay of our men serving in the Forces, to enable them to make provision for their dependants.

Welfare

Our Welfare Services continue to expand, and their success is proved by the smallness of our labour turnover. Over 5,000 members of our staff have been trained in the Civil Defence Services.

A National Savings Group has been formed through which our staff is subscribing over £1,000 per week, and they are giving generous support to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

The Resolution for the adoption of the Accounts and the amended Report was carried unanimously

Resolutions were passed re-electing the Directors retiring in accordance with the provisions of the Articles, and also re-electing the Auditors.

It was announced that Dividend Warrants will be posted on 18th June (in lieu of 7th June as previously proposed) to Shareholders whose names were on the Register of Members on 6th May, 1940.

Company Meeting

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY

MR. ERNEST HICKS' ADDRESS

THE 132nd Annual General Meeting of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society was held on Tuesday last at Norwich.

Mr. Ernest Hicks (the President) said that when war was declared last September immediate consideration had to be given to many problems affecting their business. There was one important matter which, fortunately, gave them no concern, namely, the general basis on which they valued their liabilities. This society had for nearly 40 years maintained its reserves on a 2½ per cent. net interest-earning basis, although, when rates of interest in the open market were high, if they had taken the short view they might have weakened their reserves.

For the first time for many years they had to record a decrease in their new-business figures, but he thought it would be agreed that a total of over £10,300,000, representing a decrease of only 12 per cent. on their record figure for 1938, was extremely satisfactory in the special circumstances.

Although the market values of Stock Exchange securities were very low, as on Dec. 31st last, he was able to assure members that with their internal reserves the assets as a whole were fully of the value shown in the balance-sheet. Also, at the end of last month the depreciation in their Stock Exchange securities had been more than recovered.

The gross rate of interest over the whole of the assets was £4 14*s.* 1*d.* per cent., a reduction of only 1*s.* 5*d.* per cent. on the 1938 figure. The net rate of interest, £3 18*s.* 1*d.* per cent., showed a reduction of 4*s.* 6*d.* per cent. on the figure of the previous year, due entirely to the large increase in the rate of income-tax. Even now, however, they were able to show a margin of no less than £1 8*s.* 1*d.* per cent. over the 2½ per cent. rate used in the valuation of their liabilities.

The report was unanimously adopted.